HISTORIC TALES.

1607/2001

A NOVEL.

PLEASANT IS THE TALE OF OTHER TIMES—IT SENDS MY SOUL BACK TO THE AGES OF OLD—AND TO THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS.——

Poems of Ossian.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CARBERY.

My Lord,

UNUSED and averſe to the language of flattery, or the cant of dedication, I preſent this work to you, perſuaded your Lordſhip diſdains to receive adulation as much as I do offering it; and flattering myſelf you will not, though a nice judge of writing, view it with the eye of criticiſm—but with indulgence pardon the errors of a firſt eſſay, and the humble offering of one who, though unknown, has the honor of being allied to you.

I dare

I dare not beg your Lordſhip's protection of my book. But ſhould it be ſo fortunate as to meet the approbation of the public, in reward of my wiſh to amuſe it, I ſhall receive added ſatisfaction from the idea of its then being more worthy of your notice; and more aſſured, preſent it as a ſmall tribute of that eſteem I feel for your character.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt devoted,

Humble ſervant,

The AUTHOR.

HISTORIC TALES.

THE valley of Suzy * was the moſt luxuriant work of nature—its walks were embelliſhed by the faireſt of flowers, and watered by the pureſt ſtreams, which winded in inexplicable mazes; now gently gliding over beds of ſhining gravel; now loudly ruſhing as aſſerting conſequence; then dividing into rills and babbling brooks, aiding contemplation. The faireſt of its daughters was the innocent, ſoul-informed Eudocia—ſhaped by the hand of harmony, ſhe

* Remains of the ancient people of Vaudois, who inhabited the vallies lying between Provence and Dauphiny in France. For an account of them ſee Voltaire's works.

was as ſuperior to her companions of the vale, as they were to the reſt of women—the glow of health and conſcious rectitude animated their cheek with a bloom far beyond that of the toilette's moſt laboured productions. They knew nothing of the refinements of dreſs—neatneſs and ſimplicity were their handmaids — unaffected touching graces, and the bluſhes of modeſty, their ſole ornaments.—The ſwains were diſtinguiſhed for knowledge and courage—the chace gave health to their bodies, and muſic, painting, poetry, and the ſociety of the Suzy maids, refined their minds—they felt love, and ſtiled it not a weakneſs—they condemned not friendſhip as romance—nor did they dignify the mean actions of a ſordid mind, by the term of prudence.

In this valley ſtood a cottage, too humble in appearance to promiſe wealthy inhabitants; too cultivated, too neat, to ſpeak them oppreſſed by indigence, the warper and contractor of the ſoul. The ſenſible and benevolent Madam Valere, whilſt yet in the

the prime of life, accompanied by the little Eudocia, made it her retreat, from a world which had uſed her too hardly to leave her a regret at quitting it. Had ſhe felt ſuch a regret, it muſt have given way to the ſelf-taught politeneſs, which ſpringing from the heart, marked the manners of the inhabitants of Suzy. They did not officiouſly enquire into her affairs, but their courteouſneſs beſpoke her confidence and friendſhip, and aſſured her of a return of theirs. —Her air was that of a perſon of diſtinction, and her converſation ſpoke her bleſt by a good and poliſhed education.—She talked of the world, not as one who, from diſappointed vanity and ambition, had conceived a diſtaſte for it, but rather as having experienced the fallacy of its allurements, and its inſufficiency to procure that perfect ſatisfaction of mind, which its own purity, aided by religion, and a ſhare of philoſophy, only can beſtow. Though ſhe joined in the rural ſports of Suzy, and mixed with courteous mien in its aſſembled groups,

ſhe yet preferred its ſtricter retirement, and confined her intimacy to Monſieur Branville's little family, which was only compoſed of himſelf, a wife, and one ſon. He had ſerved in the early part of his life; but like many others of equal merit, from want of influence or affluence to puſh himſelf forward, he ſaw thoſe put over his head, whoſe fathers had been his contemporaries—he conceived a diſguſt to the army, at remaining a ſubaltern long after his ſervices had claimed ſuperior ſtation. He retired and married an amiable woman he had long loved, and ſettled with her in the ſhades of Suzy. He ſoon became a father, and determined never to ſubject his Theodore to thoſe mortifications he had himſelf ſuffered. But in vain he ſtrove to bend his mind to the mild leſſons of peace—he quickly caught inſtruction—he with ſurpriſing facility conceived the moſt difficult problems, and accurately demonſtrated them; he acquired with equal eaſe every language propoſed to him; wrote in them correctly, and converſed

verſed in their utmoſt purity.—But ſtill abſtracted from ſtudy, he reflected on the battles he had read of; on the godlike heroes, whoſe ſwelling deeds were celebrated by poets; themſelves immortalized by becoming their records; and his young heart panted with emulative virtue. He ſickened at the inglorious life parental peeviſhneſs condemned him to: often did he meditate an eſcape to wars and victories, whoſe fame reached even Suzy's plains; but then the mild eye of his mother, bent on him with melting fondneſs, as her firſt joy and hope, would arreſt the half-formed reſolve.

Yet he could not chooſe but repine at his mortifying fate — none could huſh thoſe murmurings but the youthful, lovely Eudocia—Her home was but a ſhort race from his, and there he was often found half reconciled to tranquil retirement, by her ſoothing voice, ſoft and ſweetly modulated tones, not to be reſiſted.

" Your lively imagination, my dear " Theodore, (ſhe would ſay) undoubtedly

" miſleads you—I know no more of the " world than yourſelf; but ſtill every thing " confirms me in the belief of my mother's " aſſertion, that it is not deſirable. If the " court has ſuch charms, why do the great- " eſt ſtateſmen, and moſt diſtinguiſhed fa- " vourites, fly to retirement at every pauſe " of buſineſs, to unbend the mind, and taſte " the bleſſings of quiet?"

" But arms," ſaid Theodore, a deeper glow mounting from his heart to his cheek, " but arms, my ſweet Eudocia"—

" Is an unprofitable purſuit," interrupting him, " and productive oft of diſquiet and " mortification. To prove the truth of " what I aſſert, there is M. Branville"—

" True," ſaid Theodore, ſuppreſſing a ſigh—and taking his flute from his pocket, would breathe in it the ſofteſt notes. Eudocia, unbid, then took up her lute, and accompanied him—warbling at the ſame time ſuch charming ſounds as gradually chaſed from his brow every trace of impatience or diſcontent. Again would a benevolent, feeling

feeling ſoul beam through his intelligent eyes, and every feature aſſume a ſofter grace, more correſpondent to the elegant, captivating countenance of Eudocia, whoſe dimpling ſmiles teſtified her ſatisfaction at the reſtored peace of the friend, companion, and champion of her early childhood.

" Come," ſhe would ſay, laying down her lute, " enough now of idleneſs—you " are a pretty tutor truly, to be reminded " of your duty by your pupil. Here it lies " —my globes, compaſſes, maps, books— " here's a day nearly gone, and I am no " wiſer, no better than the laſt." Down they would ſit—Theodore thought ſtudy never ſo intereſting — and Eudocia pronounced it the higheſt gratification. Thus paſſed their days, till Theodore completed his eighteenth, and Eudocia her fifteenth year. He was a ſtandard for grace and manly beauty. She—but take Theodore's deſcription of her to a friend—" Eudocia " Valere is—but ſhe cannot be deſcribed

" —ſhe muſt be ſeen, heard, known, to
" conceive her attractions."

At this period was fought the battle of Guinegate, commonly called that of the Spurs; from the general flight of the French army, oppoſed to that of Henry the Eighth of England, who had in perſon invaded France, and now elated by the victory of Guinegate; where ſeveral of the firſt nobles of the land, and its moſt experienced generals, were made priſoners, talked high of future conqueſts. Lewis the Twelfth, King of France, found it neceſſary to take ſome effectual ſtep to check the career of the young, haughty, ambitious invader.—He dreaded the renewal of the fatal times of Poitiers and Agincourt, and wiſhed to turn aſide the aim of Henry by treaty and alliance, rather than truſt to the hazardous chance of war, if they could be honourably adopted; for though, as their parent, he wiſhed to ſave the lives and blood of his people, and to avert from his country the melan-

melancholy waſtes and devaſtations of war, yet his noble mind as ſtrongly revolted from an inglorious peace. But Henry had a ſiſter, the pride of the Britiſh court—the admiration of every other. Lewis had lately buried his Queen, Anne of Bretagne, the widow of his predeceſſor, Charles the Eighth. She had been the firſt object of his youthful affections, when Duke of Orleans; and he had never ceaſed to love and reverence her, even when divided from his hopes, and wedded to Charles. Anne, when Princeſs of Bretagne, had been affected by the tenderneſs of the young amiable Orleans; and beſtowed an equal ſhare of her own in return. Had ſhe been famed for beauty only, the unfortunate Duke might unrivalled have obtained that hand, ſo neceſſary to his happineſs; but the rich Duchy of Bretagne was an object of too much conſequence, to eſcape the vigilant plans of the Lady of Beaujeu, ſiſter and guardian of the minor King; ſhe reſolved to annex it to the crown of France, and when ſhe perſevered, nothing

ſeemed impoſſible. In ſpite of the numerous intrigues againſt her, ſhe baffled them all: ſhe had all the cool policy of Henry the Seventh of England, (who oppoſed this favourite plan,) and her frequent triumphs over his ſchemes, proclaimed her his ſuperior in the art of government: ſhe poſſeſſed all his ſenſe and penetration, which never failed to point out to him the proper objects of purſuit, but if expenſive, his extreme avarice defeated every noble undertaking. The Dame of Beaujeu had a generous heart, and an enlarged mind; ſhe ſaw with uncommon quickneſs what was fit, and ſhe inflexibly purſued it; diſcerning in council, and prompt in execution, ſhe proved herſelf deſerving of the ſacred truſt her father's will repoſed in her; and none but the Duke of Orleans, and heireſs of Bretagne, ever thought themſelves aggrieved by her. She knew their mutual attachment, and that it had the ſanction of Duke Francis the Second, Anne's father. But ſhe alſo remembered the memorial the Duke of Orleans had

had preſented to the Parliament of Paris, objecting to her regency, and praying the adminiſtration might be altered, which, as firſt prince of the blood, he claimed ſome ſhare in. Neither could ſhe forget the haughtineſs with which he always treated her, and for once, ſhe could not baniſh from her noble mind a gueſt unworthy of it, revenge. It was one of her political maxims, that private intereſts and paſſions ſhould yield to public good; but this very one gave weight and ſufficient colour to her determination, that her brother Charles ſhould eſpouſe the Princeſs Anne. She drove by this avowed intention, the tender accompliſhed Orleans to the laſt extremity of deſpair, open rebellion; and he took the reſolution of involving his country in a civil war, rather than tamely reſign a miſtreſs dearer to him than life or liberty. If he muſt give up his hopes, it was a conſolation, he then thought, to ſell them as dear as poſſible, and compel Charles to win by arms a woman he could no otherwiſe obtain. He was joined in his

revolt by the Duke of Bretagne, and ſome other provinces aided his meaſures by their inſurrections. His claims ſoon came to the iſſue of a battle at St. Aubins in Bretagne; and fortune proved inauſpicious to the lovers. Francis fought for his child, and his encroached-on rights; could a parent ſee his daughter arbitrarily diſpoſed of, without applying to his choice, with all the arrogance of an abſolute Sovereign to a petty vaſſal? Warmed by reſentment and indignant pride, he animated his troops to the charge; and love and heroiſm gave Orleans accumulated impetuoſity, and heightened his natural courage to ſuch a pitch of enthuſiaſm as marked his efforts for victory, and might have ranked him with the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity. But "the race is not to the "ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong;" and in the general defeat of his army, Orleans was obliged to reſign himſelf a priſoner to that renowned general, De la Trimouille.

What paſſions, what feelings, accompanied the illuſtrious captive to the tent prepared

pared for him! Overwhelmed by the ſhame of his defeat, grieved for the lives his ineffectual rebellion had cut off from ſociety—agonized by the loſs of her with whom compared, life or empire ſeemed poor in the balance; he threw himſelf on the ground, yielding to deſpair; no one diſtant hope illumined by the fainteſt gleam the dark and dreary proſpect—Ah! Why did not ſome pitying power preſent to his view the glory which fate held in-ſtore for him, and whiſper to his ſaddened ſoul, that love and ambition would yet bleſs him with their fulleſt gratification?—But why inveſtigate the ſacred, myſterious ways of Providence?

The captivity of Orleans precluded every hope of retrieving his loſſes, or preventing the victor from ſeizing on the lovely prize which graced his conqueſt—Anne was loſt to him—loſt, as he ſaid, for ever. He heard then without regret, he muſt prepare for his confinement in the tower of Bourges. His durance as a ſtate priſoner, promiſed no ſpeedy termination, but loſt to love, he had

no

no claim on, no wiſh for, ſociety, and as he entered the heavy gates of the dreary tower, he welcomed the cheerleſs gloom as congenial with his ſoul; without regret, he ſaw them cloſe upon him, nor ſent out of them one ſigh, but ſuch as were wafted by pitying zephyr to the ſympathizing boſom of his miſtreſs, whom ſoon, conſpiring circumſtances obliged to become the conſort of Charles, who was indeed ill calculated to eraſe from her memory the unfortunate captive ſhe never ceaſed to compaſſionate.

Anne never could view the dame of Beaujeu but with the eye of prejudice, and as the author of her misfortunes; and when her beauty and accompliſhments ſubdued the heart of her huſband to her entire diſpoſal, ſhe uſed her influence to weaken that of his ſiſter—She was ſucceſsful, and the Dame perceived ſhe had by the completion of her favourite project, ſubverted her own power. She, like moſt others of elevated genius, had great ambition; yet ſhe could not ſupport the idea of gradually waning in her now

ſplendid

ſplendid fame. She ſaw it inevitable, but determined not to wait the arrival of that mortifying hour, which muſt ſtrip her of authority—She retired from public affairs, now Ducheſs of Bourbon, and left Anne in undiſputed poſſeſſion of her huſband's heart. Though the perſon of Charles was not likely to pleaſe an eye accuſtomed to that of Orleans, and his underſtanding was mean in the compariſon, Anne ſuffered not her heart to make it; ſhe behaved to the former as if he had been the huſband of her choice, and when the latter appeared again at court, ſhe permitted not the partiality of Anne of Bretagne, to actuate in the ſlighteſt degree the manners of the Queen of France; fearful even of herſelf, ſhe allowed no intercourſe with him, ſave that which the etiquette of the court demanded; and Orleans, though pained by her ſeverity, yet found it increaſed his reverence for her virtues, and augmented his affection for them.

Anne at length became a widow—One day ſome Lords in the Caſtle of Amboiſe were

were playing at tennis; the Queen was in her apartment, and the King who admired the ſkill of the players, went thither to conduct her to ſee them. As he led her through a gallery, his head ſtruck againſt a balcony: he made light of it, but preſently was ſeized with a fit of apoplexy and expired. His generoſity had endeared him to his houſehold. They were loud and ſincere in their lamentations for him, his Queen had lived eaſily, if not happily with him, and was as real a mourner as any. Charles died without an heir, and the Duke of Orleans ſucceeded him by the title of Lewis the Twelfth.

Lewis, ever of a magnanimous and liberal ſpirit, now ſhone forth with native excellence—He ordered Charles a magnificent interment, and permitted the Queen, without an attempt to detain her, to retire to her Duchy of Bretagne, of which ſhe was ſole heireſs, for her father ſcarce ſurvived his defeat, and her ſiſter died ſoon after. Attentive to the delicacy of her ſituation, he reſolved to confine his unchanged ſentiments

for

for her to his own breaſt, till decency permitted their avowal, and a diſpenſation could be procured from the ſee of Rome, annulling his marriage with Jane, daughter of Lewis the Eleventh, to whom he had been contracted at her birth, and afterwards was neceſſitated to fulfil his engagements with her; though ſhe grew up with a deformed perſon, and a weak, narrow mind.—In truth ſhe had no one merit but patience. She was religious, but not from genuine piety, ſo much as the ſuperſtition of the age, and the influence of her confeſſor, who found his account in filling her mind with imaginary terrors, and exhauſted her purſe by pretended oblations, penances, remiſſions and ſuch meaſures as he took to allay them when ſufficiently worked upon.

She had not ſenſibility to feel the neglect of her huſband. Careleſs of his perſon, and without taſte for his accompliſhments, ſhe took no pains to remove his diſguſt, or conciliate his eſteem; wholly engroſſed by the care of her ſoul, ſhe neglected her body ſo much,

much, even in the neceſſary attention to ſuitable apparel, that her perſon appeared in its full harſhneſs. It is no wonder Lewis ſhould turn with diſtaſte from an object ſo every way the reverſe of himſelf: at the time he became enamoured of Anne, he began meaſures to annul his marriage; when Charles's more favourable ſtar prevailed, he reſigned the thought; as the only woman he could love was loſt to him, he was indifferent to whom his name belonged; but now that by the death of Charles, Anne was again at liberty, the wiſh for his own returned, and he ſet about obtaining it.—His wiſhes were ſeconded by thoſe of his council.—They preſſed the divorce; he was without a child, and it was obtained. They now propoſed to him an union with the Queen Dowager, and thereby ſecuring to the crown of France her valuable duchy. Perhaps they conſulted his inclination as well as intereſt; it was impoſſible but a people muſt be attached to a ſovereign who poſſeſſed every amiable diſpoſition of the heart, and adhered

hered to the moſt exalted principles of virtue. Could there be a more glorious reply than that he made a courtier, who reminded him the Lord Trimouille yet lived with wealth and honours, who had made him a priſoner, and neglected to ſoften the hardſhips of captivity? "It is unworthy," ſaid the generous Lewis, "the honour of a King "of France, to reſent an injury done to the "Duke of Orleans."

The diſpenſation procured, and the forms preſcribed by decorum, obſerved, Lewis renewed his vows to Anne, who giving hers in exchange, received his as the reward of Heaven, for a conduct exemplary, and not eaſy to obſerve. Lewis looked on his crown with no other exultation, than as the means of uniting him to the woman he had loved with ſuch conſtant, unabated affection. That affection accompanied them through life, and could only be equalled by his grief for her loſs.

Beſides thoſe numerous officers of note made priſoners at the battle of Guinegate,

Lewis

Lewis mourned the captivity of his earlieſt, deareſt, moſt tried friend, the Duke of Longueville. Shortly afterwards, the town of Terouane was taken, the ſurrender of Tournay followed, and Henry elated by victories in fact but of little conſequence to him, though ruinous to France, returned to England. Trimouille, formerly the conqueror of Lewis, had now an opportunity of rendering him the moſt eſſential ſervice—he fought for him with his uſual bravery, and proved himſelf as able a negotiator as he was a general.

The Emperor Maximilian, (then adminiſtering to the vanity of the Engliſh King, by openly ſerving as captain in his army for the daily ſum of one hundred crowns) ſent a large body of Swiſs under the command of the Duke of Wirtemberg, to invade Burgundy. When they laid ſiege to Dijon, Trimouille, by treaties and large promiſes, won them over to Lewis's intereſt, and thus ſtopped the tide which bore down upon the kingdom.

Longue-

Longueville, ever watchful for the intereſt of his ſovereign and friend, though now a priſoner, was yet engroſſed by that care. A captive in England, his arms were neceſſarily bound, but he remained not inactive; he wound himſelf into the eſteem of Henry, who, learned and brave himſelf, admired thoſe qualities in another, and yielded to the inſinuating Longueville ſo large a ſhare of his friendſhip and confidence, as to give ear to his propoſal of an alliance between Lewis and Henry's ſiſter. It is true, the French King was upwards of fifty, the Princeſs barely ſixteen, and already promiſed to the young Prince Charles of Spain, but no ties were ſacred to the King of England, when his paſſions or caprice made them diſpleaſing. Holy as is, and ought to be the faith of Kings, Henry had violated more ſacred ties in favour of Charles, private friendſhip, his royal word paſſed to an amiable ſiſter, who by the violation was plunged in ſorrow. What hold then had Charles on King Henry's promiſe! Negociations for the

French

French alliance were begun. Leave we them to be purſued, and let us ſee in what manner the fate of kings, and battle of Guinegate, affected the ſimple inhabitants of Suzy Vale.

* * * * *

The fame of the battle reached Suzy, as Theodore and Eudocia were one fine evening in Auguſt, unbending from the ſtudies of the morning by their uſual harmony.—The ſtrings of Eudocia's lute ceaſed to vibrate on the paſſing breeze, and Theodore's flute dropped from his hand as he liſtened to the tale.

"The armies met," ſaid the narrator.

Theodore's cheek glowed, and a ſigh half ſuppreſſed met Branville's ear, who was ſeated with Madam Valere, in the ſame arbour with their children. He frowned.

"They fought."

The red on Theodore's cheek deepened, while the roſe on Eudocia's faded to a ſtill more delicate hue.

"Our army was defeated."

Theodore

Theodore haſtily turned away—Branville groaned.

" And all our Generals are taken priſo-
" ners, and the noble Chevalier Bayard is
" killed."

" My God!" ſaid Madam Valere, riſing precipitately and quitting the arbour. She was not obſerved; the relator left them to repeat the wondrous ſtory.—Branville ſat muſing, and Eudocia gave a ſigh to the fall of the heroes. " Come, walk down the ſy-
" camore-grove," ſaid Theodore, turning to Eudocia, who riſing followed him; he walked perturbed.—" Theodore," ſaid Eudocia, calling to him.—He did not heed her.

" And I"—ſaid he—" am waſting my
" youth and ſtrength in inglorious eaſe—
" A flute!—Gods!—When I ought to
" graſp a lance."

He leaned againſt a tree—Eudocia again argued; he knew not what ſhe ſaid. She continued—Theodore, unmindful and abſent

ſent, ſhook off her hand laid gently on his arm, and abruptly turned home.

"He is much altered," ſaid Eudocia—"he "is fretful—he no longer loves me—I care "not—but the faſt-rolling tear contradict-"ed the aſſertion." As ſhe approached her threſhold, ſhe heard the ſound of horſes feet, and looking up diſcerned two travellers making towards it; ſhe called her mother juſt as they had reached it.—A gentleman who had paſſed the meridian of life, begged the protection of Madam Valere that night, for himſelf and his daughter. Nothing could be more prepoſſeſſing than his countenance, or more regularly beautiful than hers.

Whilſt Madam Valere granted the requeſt in terms which added to the favour, Eudocia ſurveyed the young lady with delighted ſurpriſe, whoſe lovely face was ornamented by her luxuriant hair, dreſſed in the court faſhion, and confined by a hat covered with waving plumes—her ſlender waiſt, and fair pro-

proportioned arms, were ſet off by a covering of black ſilk, buttoned with rich gems, the ſparkling luſtre of which was obſcured by the beaming of eyes, whoſe firſt glance conveyed conviction of ſuperior ſenſe and talents in their owner. Eudocia herſelf was an object not to be looked on with indifference by her gueſts—the roundings of her lawn robe diſplayed a boſom white as the unſullied ermine, whoſe purity might in all things be its type, and poliſhed as Parian marble; delicate ancles, and hands and arms of exact ſymmetry: her face could not ſo well bear criticiſm, if it were poſſible for any beholder to think of the expedient; ſo captivating were its varying graces, ſo much ſuperior were its turns to the formal lines of regularity—her long dark-brown treſſes falling in ringlets below her waiſt, finiſhed the intereſting picture, and the animation of her black expreſſive eyes indicated a ſoul worthy of its caſket.

Untaught by forms, and actuated by her feelings, Eudocia advanced to the fair ſtran-

ger, and with a ſmile of lively admiration welcomed her to the valley.—She had taken her hand—a kind preſſure of her own, and thanks willingly expreſſed, encouraged her to hope ſhe had pleaſed where ſhe moſt wiſhed to do ſo.

Madam Valere learned her gueſts were Sir Thomas Boleyne of England, and his Anna, on whom he doated with more than common fondneſs.—England was as yet behind hand in elegance and refinement.—Scarce recovered from the dire waſte of civil war, ſhe yet only breathed from contention—and had not long arrived at that ſecurity and peaceful quiet, which is the firſt ſtep to the fine arts and belles lettres—for thoſe France was already diſtinguiſhed. All the young nobles and ladies, whoſe manners diſplayed any proficiency in the graces, were indebted for them to France. Ann Boleyne was a maſter-piece of nature, but the world had diſcovered nature was not a ſufficient modeller, and that to pleaſe or charm, art muſt lend her aid, correct the geſture, poliſh

poliſh the dulleſt ſpots, inform the mind, and draw out all its powers. For theſe advantages, the beauteous Anna was brought to France by her fond father; his intent was anſwered, and ſhe was confeſſed one of the moſt accompliſhed, as well as lovely, ladies of her age. Sir Thomas was returned from a journey he had undertaken in behalf of friendſhip, and meant now to conduct his treaſure to her native land, where his hopes preſaged her excellencies would not remain unnoticed.

Eudocia and Anna were mutually pleaſed with each other; they were neither on the reſerve, and the artleſs frankneſs which marks their age, ſoon improved the partiality: they early retired to reſt, and choſe the ſame bed: Anna, fatigued by travel, ſpite of herſelf yielded to drowſineſs; but Eudocia could only ruminate—her heart had panted for the dear bleſſing of friendſhip—and this was the firſt opportunity offered her. Anna ſlept late next morning, and Alice came ere ſhe awoke, to dreſs Eudocia, Ma-

dam Valere was waiting for her in the little chapel—Their devotions performed, they returned to the hall, where Sir Thomas and his daughter joined them for breakfaſt—fruits, creams, and delicate roots, with fine bread, were neatly ſpread for them. Cheerfulneſs preſided at the board, but ſoon the new friends features became clouded, as they heard Sir Thomas anſwer Madam Valere's requeſt to honour her cottage by a few days reſidence, that he could not comply with one ſo agreeable to him, and that till the next day only could he poſſibly abide there.

Theodore, recollecting his abſence the night before, was impatient to apologize for it—"I will wear this ſuit," ſaid he, taking up a new one, juſt brought him. It was a veſt of ſky blue admirably fitted to his ſhape—his well formed leg was covered with a nicely made buſkin, his collar tied at the throat could not conceal a white boſom, which correſponded with the colour of his forehead, the reſt of his face was ſhaded by a manly

a manly brown, cleared and animated with the fine red of his cheek, yet downed over with the ſoftneſs of youth. Juſt as Sir Thomas had done ſpeaking he entered the hall—he looked ſurpriſed, but not diſconcerted on ſeeing the ſtrangers; gracefully bowing to them, he approached his pupil, and bidding her good-morrow, took her hand—Eudocia for the firſt time withdrew it—Theodore now indeed confounded looked inquiſitively in her face—it was averted from him.

Anna was ſurpriſed on beholding ſuch a Cavalier as Theodore in the ruſtic plains of Suzy—She regarded him with earneſt looks of admiration, and he had now time to return the compliment—he paid amply indeed the tribute which every heart of ſenſibility muſt yield to beauty. Sir Thomas entered into converſe with him, expecting amuſement from the ſimplicity of his ideas; but was aſtoniſhed to find all the deficiency his own, when ſerious ſubjects were ſtarted.—Mean while Anna whiſpered Eudocia,

"Who is that graceful youth?"

"Theodore"—ſaid Eudocia ſimply.

"Is he your knight?"

"My knight!"—repeated Eudocia, wanting comprehenſion.

'Twas Anna's turn now to look ſurpriſed—for young as ſhe was, ſhe knew perfectly the ſcience of love, and could not conceive it poſſible Eudocia ſhould be ignorant of it.—In truth Eudocia had not one idea of ſuch a paſſion—As to the ſyſtem of it, ſhe loved Theodore, 'twas true, and ſhe loved Madam Valere—ſhe ſaw no difference.—Theodore was ſomewhat wiſer, and imagined the tenderneſs one feels for a mother, and for a youth paſſed eighteen, could not poſſibly flow from the ſame ſource; he drew a diſtinction in his own mind, and then he ſtifled it—he wiſhed not Eudocia ſhould draw ſuch, and he hugged the idea of Madam Valere's being as ſimple as her daughter.

Anna now had ſprung a new ſubject, to which her friend liſtened with breathleſs attention. What entertaining deſcriptions flowed

ed from the ruby mouth of the relator, heightened by her lively imagination— ſuch tales of court and pageantry—of lords and ladies—of knights and beauties—of tilts and tournaments—balls—ſplendid trappings—jewels—lamps—all, all paſſed in rapid ſucceſſion, and ſtruck Eudocia with wonder. I thought, ſaid ſhe, a King ſat on a throne of gold, holding a crown and ſceptre, and looking as grave as wiſdom's ſelf, his nobles ſtanding round him dumb with awe.—At court I believed they planned ſieges, and then all went to the wars. I ſuppoſed the ladies moated up in old caſtles, and as for knights!—I heard nothing of them.

Anna laughed at the oddity of her notions, then told her, every lady who had any pretenſions to beauty had a knight, nay, twenty, perhaps, ambitious of the diſtinction.

"Then you have a knight, doubtleſs."—Anna bluſhed, then ſmiling,

"Will you give me but one?—oh! more, "I beſeech thee, ſweet Eudocia."

"Why, what wouldſt thou do with more?
"—I conceive now it would be delightful
"to have a true knight, but many—one
"could not love them all, ſurely."

"Nor would I, if I could—St. Agnes
"forbid—but their weakneſs is my ſtrength
"—their folly my triumph."

"That's odd"—ſaid Eudocia.

"Not at all ſo"—ſaid Anna.

"I cannot comprehend it," cried Eudocia.

"You will"—returned Anna.

Theodore's eyes met Eudocia's—Hers ſought reconciliation. I ſhould like it, thought he, but ſhe is capricious.—Suppoſe, whiſpered vanity, ſhe ſhould ſee herſelf ſlighted in turn—It will grieve her, interrupted fondneſs—Piſh! ſaid vanity, and he addreſſed himſelf to Anna, who with eaſe and vivacity ſupported the converſation—the French and Engliſh woman's characteriſtic, ſeemed here reverſed; the former ſat penſive, thoughtful, and but juſt apprized even of the *term* of gallantry—her time was not yet come.—The latter was full as innocent, but better

better informed. She knew ſhe was handſome, and expected to be beloved—ſhe was ſo accuſtomed to be told ſhe was, ſhe ceaſed to be grateful for the aſſurance. It was a thing of courſe ſhe thought, and though pleaſed with gallantry, ſhe had a haughtineſs of ſoul, which forbade the ſlighteſt indecorum. —A ſmile—a word, was ſufficient for the crowd of adorers—that ſmile and word ſhe allowed to Theodore, thought him handſome whilſt ſhe looked—but his figure dwelt only on her eye. Had Eudocia a ſpark in her compoſition which could by any means be 'wakened to ſo mean a ſenſation as envy, Theodore's attention to Anna would have done it; but her mind was too elegant for a principle ſo deſpicable to gain admittance, and ſhe ſtill meditated on the lords, knights, tilts, and tournaments.

"We have not thoſe at Suzy," ſhe ſighed out, "and what is a lute and books in ex-"change—and a band of muſic—it muſt "ſure be heavenly. Not one gilt or carved

" piece of luxury did I ever ſee—nor cloth
" of gold."

Every atom of femaleiſm was rouſed in her breaſt— ſhe ſighed again, looked through the lattice at the proſpect, turned from it diſguſted, and diſpirited ſat down.—Theodore obſerved all her motions, and his vanity attributed them to another cauſe.—Softened by the gloom on her features, he took her lute, and preſented it to her, complimenting her execution at the ſame time; ſhe puſhed it pettiſhly from her.

" I will accompany you"—ſaid Theodore.

" Inſipid," ſhe replied—" tell me again
" of cavaliers, courts, and proceſſions—do,
" dear Anna, laying her face on her ſhoul-
" der."

" Wouldſt thou not like to behold them,
" ſaid Anna—to leave this Suzy—and
" be the ſovereign lady of ſome twenty
" knights?"

Eudocia aſſented, and Theodore wondering,

ing, demanded an explanation—It was now his turn to argue on a miſtaken, wayward fancy—it was hers to be inattentive; he ſaw ſhe was and left her, regretting from his ſoul the change the court beauty had wrought in the heart of his gentle miſtreſs. —Again ſhe made her new friend repeat the alluring deſcription, and each time was more enamoured with it. Madam Valere overheard the conference, and grieved, at her daughter's concluding with a ſigh full of regret, lamenting her obſcure fate, which condemned her to a lonely vale, where ſplendour never deigned to ſhew herſelf; but all was weariſome toil, or inſipid eaſe, degenerating into languor, ſcarce conſcious of its own exiſtence. "Oh! mayſt thou "never be 'wakened to a painful ſenſe of "thine!" was the aſpiration of her maternal heart—"Lovely bloſſoms of perfect "beauty—how alive, how keenly alive are "your young deſires, to the magic ſound "of pleaſure!—Alas! its roſes are but thinly "ſcattered, and oft conceal for the hand

" which attempts to gather them the ſharp-
" eſt thorns—Ah! my Eudocia," ſhe conti-
nued, turning to her, " you know not this
" world for which you now pant—believe
" me who do—ignorance of it is your ſole
" inſurance from its ills. You look only
" on the fair ſide of the picture—examine
" the reverſe. A knowledge of the world
" may improve the manners, but truſt me,
" my young friends, does not mend the
" heart—Ah no! In the perplexing rounds,
" its finer feelings are blunted, its generous
" virtues warped, the freezing breath of a
" cold, ſelfiſh ſet of people forces them to
" abate their ardour, and ſtand on their de-
" fence.—Candour gives place to diſſimu-
" lation—liberality to prudence—friendſhip
" to convenience—love to intereſt. If in
" this vale you are ſhut out from the gaudy
" ſcenes, your intoxicated imaginations
" give ſuch charms to; you are alſo re-
" moved from the ſnares of ſeduction, the
" wounds of invidious malice, and the grief
" of diſappointed hopes."—Eudocia ſighed,

but

but it was not a ſigh of conviction, it was rather for the prejudices ſhe ſaw her mother entertained, which forbade a hope of her wiſh being accompliſhed, to judge for herſelf of a world ſhe could not but perſuade herſelf was far more eligible than Suzy. Madam Valere's firſt object was her Eudocia's happineſs; ſhe now ſaw it diſturbed; from choice, not neceſſity, ſhe had made the valley her reſidence.

"I will return, my dear Eudocia," ſhe ſaid, "for your ſake, to a world I hoped I "had turned my back on for ever. I will "point out its dangers, and if poſſible "ſcreen you from them.—And ah! may "you never look back with regret to this "day, or mourn the diſtempered imagi-"nation which blinds your judgment!"

"Ah! Madam," ſaid Eudocia, ſenſibly touched by her indulgence, "how good are "you!—How ungrateful am I—ungrate-"ful to your tenderneſs!—diſobedient to "your wiſhes! (I know not the harſhneſs "of a command) — I yield to your argu-

"ments,

"ments, nor will I ſuffer my deſires to
"lead me from Suzy.——Yet"—

"I fully comprehend that yet"—ſaid Madam Valere, kiſſing her forehead—"go "to reſt, my love, we will talk more of "this in the morning."

The reſult of the morning's conference was a determination to leave the plains of Suzy; and as the route Madam Valere intended to take, was partly that of Sir Thomas's, he agreed to wait two days till ſhe could prepare for her journey.

"I might," ſaid Madam Valere to her daughter, "I know, by my authority keep "you ſtill in this valley; but ſhould Heaven "take me from you, you might then in-"dulge your wiſh for rambling. Without "a guide to warn, or friend to direct you, "your dangers would be multiplied; yet "imagine not, my love, I wiſh to terrify you "by enumerating them, or to impoſe on "your ignorance, by an attempt to per-"ſuade you *happineſs* is to be found *even* "in Suzy; believe it, Eudocia, your ſearches

"for

for her will be vain as thoſe of every former purſuer. But mild, ſerene content, the child of innocence, is no ideal being—ſhe once dwelt with us—ſee! already have idle wiſhes and ſickly diſtaſte driven her from us—I underſtand that look, how expreſſively does it ſpeak! age feels not, allows not for the period of youth; it forgets the days when ſuch ſighs, ſuch hopes, agitated its own boſom—No! my Eudocia—I do not forget I once was lured by illuſive proſpects—deceived by imaginary good--regardleſs of certain tranquillity—but I alſo remember the bitter conſequences—I ſought to guard you from ſuch, by removing you from their ſphere—I have failed.—May I, grant Heaven! prove more fortunate in ſhielding you from the errors—the ſorrows—into which they led me!"

"Is it not odd, my mother," ſaid Eudocia, "I ſhould yet be a ſtranger to the events of your life — of your deſcent—or whether we are in reality the uncon-

"nected

"nected beings we appear to be?—have w
"no claims on ſociety—none of thoſe rela
"tives which bind their intereſts and af
"fections?"

During this ſpeech,, Madam Valere wa
buſied in uncovering a caſket—its content
dazzled the eyes of the fair interrogator
by the glittering rays reflected from variou
feminine ornaments, compoſed of diamond
of the moſt brilliant quality and luſtre.—
Eudocia viewed them with delighted won-
der, and forgot her queſtion. — A chef
hitherto neglected was now opened, and
diſplayed ſeveral coſtly ſuits of gold ſtuff
ſilk, &c.

"Bleſs me," ſaid Eudocia, "why, Ma-
"dam, do I wear this linen robe when
"theſe lie by neglected?"

"We are all alike," ſaid Madam Valere
half aloud, "and nothing but experience
"will teach us, how much ſolid peace we
"ſacrifice to empty glitter—unſubſtantial
"toys.—This little ruſtic, reared in the
"lap of plain ſimplicity, feels her heart
"bound

bound with her ſex's lightneſs at this painted pageantry."

Eudocia, confuſed, returned to her former enquiries.

"Not now, my daughter, can your curioſity be ſatisfied; as too ſanguine expectation is productive of diſappointment, ſo ſuſpicious fears will fright away felicity. As you are to mix with the world, go into it, *guarded* indeed, but not *prejudiced*. Cold caution and illiberal diſtruſt ſhould never accompany youth like thine—it is the ſeaſon for benevolence, candour, and univerſal good-will.—Some events in my ſtory might baniſh or weaken theſe ſentiments;—but to give you confidence in yourſelf, know your birth is noble; ſhould it be neceſſary it ſhall be revealed; at preſent, it would involve us both in difficulties and diſquiet—your"—

Sir Thomas Boleyne and his daughter now joined them, and the converſation became general.———

Their

* * * * *

Their ſtay in the valley after this, pro-
duced nothing material, ſave the parting of
Eudocia with young Theodore :—he, wild
with ſorrow, now claſped her to his boſom,
then ſtampt with anguiſh : — ſhe wept in
agony, and regretted with bitterneſs her
wiſhes to leave Suzy—but it was now too
late to declare off—the motive would be too
obvious, and diſcover to Madam Valere,
what for the firſt time now became known
to herſelf—that ſhe loved Theodore, and
that Anna Boleyne had not the ſtart of her
ſo much as ſhe imagined. But we will at
once ſeparate the young lovers—they have
mutually vowed eternal conſtancy—Madam
Valere and her Eudocia are arrived at the
entrance of the caſtle of Cognac, the reſi-
dence of Louiſe of Savoy, Counteſs of
Angouleme—and here they parted with
Sir Thomas and his charming Anna, who
purſued their way to the port from whence
they were to embark for England. Madam
Valere

Valere enquired for the Counteſs, and was told that ſhe had that hour returned from viſiting the court, where ſhe had been to ſee the Princeſs Claude (eldeſt daughter of Lewis XII.), who was married to her ſon the Count of Angouleme; and that fatigued by the journey ſhe had retired to her chamber.

"Bring me to her," ſaid Madam Valere, with a tone of diſtinction—ſhe was obeyed—and leaving Eudocia and her domeſtics on the terrace, paſſed on to Louiſe's antichamber, where her uſher aſked her name. Madam Valere took a ſheet of paper, wrote on it "Counteſs Campobaſſo," and folding it from his view, bid the uſher give it to the Counteſs; who inſtantly ran from her cloſet, and meeting Madam Valere, affectionately embraced her, leading her to her chamber: they diſmiſſed all attendants, and remained converſing for an hour: the Counteſs herſelf then accompanied Madam Valere to the terrace, where Eudocia was preſented to her: ſhe led her trembling

with

with apprehenſion to the caſtle, which might indeed have been ſtiled the court of luxury, and chatted affably to her as they walked. Eudocia was abaſhed by the eager gaze of the attendants, yet appeared lovely in the extreme. She ſpoke little, but that little ſerved to confirm the Counteſs in her faith in phyſiognomy: Eudocia's countenance was marked by ingenuouſneſs, modeſty, intelligence, and good ſenſe; Louiſa gave her credit for them all; ſhe well knew indeed there was ſuch an art as diſſimulation; no woman underſtood it better, or practiſed it with more ſucceſs;—but this young ſolitary was too little acquainted with mankind to have acquired it. She was fond of favourites; already Eudocia promiſed to be a very great one.

The Counteſs now led the way to the apartment of her daughter; it was filled by many noble young perſons of both ſexes. The Lady Margaret had not ſeen her mother ſince her journey, and it was obſervable her compliments to her were leſs animated by

affection, than adorned by eaſy demeanour and courtly politeneſs. Here Eudocia found ſeveral ladies, their air as majeſtic, their dreſs more ſplendid, ſome as handſome, but none ſhe found herſelf inclined to love as Anna Boleyne. The Lady Margaret, eldeſt daughter of the Counteſs, was beautiful and accompliſhed, but haughty, imperious, and vain; Mademoiſelle de Cormier was her chief favourite, as having wit enough to entertain her, curioſity as to court intrigues to amuſe, meanneſs to flatter, and ſecrecy to conceal her errors. The Counteſs was ſtill handſome, gay, and profuſe—ever engaged in ſome purſuit of gallantry, ſhe indeed lived to love—and the young Margaret was her exact counterpart already her heart had its embarraſſments, concealments, intrigues, confidents, but, fickle in her attachments, love with her was merely amuſement.—Louiſe was too much engaged by her own feelings, to attend to thoſe of her daughter—ſhe had in her childhood watched her attentively, and found in her

her ſoul the ſeeds of thoſe qualities which marked her own— ſhe was not ſcrupulous— ſhe ſaw her beautiful, and made her captivating, taught her every female allurement —and then left her to the exerciſe of them.

When the Counteſs preſented Eudocia to her daughter, the fair Margaret eyed her with examining attention—ſhe ſaw her attractive as herſelf, and felt uneaſy.—"But "then," ſhe reflected, "this ſtranger is "ignorant of the world, is not poliſhed by "its finiſhing graces—ſhe is inferior too— "I will not be diſturbed." Thus determined, ſhe ſmiled on her complacently, and received her as one of her companions. Soon the Counteſs retired with Madam Valere, leaving Eudocia converſing with one who ſat next her—her attention was taken off by the Lady Margaret's calling one to her by the name of Ellinor, who had attended the Counteſs in her late excurſion: it never entered the thought of the giddy Margaret, that it was poſſible the ſtranger might

might underſtand Italian, which was the language always uſed by her to her favourites —it happened that Eudocia was as perfect in it as herſelf.—

"What cavaliers, my Ellinor, have accompanied the Counteſs?"

"None of note, ſo pleaſe you, except your noble brother's friend, the Lord Gouffier."

"And where is Florimond de Robertat?" ſhe aſked in a diſappointed tone—

"The Count would not part with both —and her Grace choſe Gouffier."

Margaret ſighed——"But tell me, Ellinor, what thinkeſt thou of thoſe children of mummery, ceremonies, forms, the inanimate daughters of peeviſh Anne of Bretagne.—Alas! poor Francis!—How does he reliſh inſipid Claude?"

"He is too noble, too generous, not to conceal his diſtaſte, if ſuch he feels. But the Princeſs Rene's apartment is as gay as ours, and the Count ſpends many hours with his ſiſter-in-law—there is be-

"tween

"tween them the moſt lively friendſhip and
"confidence."

"Is ſhe handſome?" aſked Margaret.

"Not at all ſo; but if the graces, and
"every feminine charm, can ſupply that
"deficiency, the elegant manners of the
"Princeſs Rene will make the compen-
"ſation."

"But Claude"——

"Is not ſo attractive; yet ſhe is pretty
"pious, duteous, affectionate, and benevo-
"lent; a feeling miſtreſs, and the tenderest
"wife."

"May be ſo," ſaid Margaret, "but
"praiſed be Heaven for taking to herſelf
"her gloomy mother! Her envious jea-
"louſy of Louiſe of Savoy, now reſts with
"her unquiet mind, and the Counteſs will
"return with added ſplendour to the long
"forſaken court. I ſhall then tread the
"magic maze of exalted ſtation, and ſeize
"thoſe pleaſures for which my heart ſickens
"with expectation."—Eudocia turned at
the opening of the door—'twas the Lord
Gouffier

Gouffier—he made his obeiſance to the Lady Margaret, and brought her the greetings of the Count d' Angouleme.

"When does this Engliſh paragon of "beauty come to mortify the Ladies of the "French court by her eclipſing ſuperiority?" aſked Margaret.

"It is not the appearance of that Northern ſtar they moſt dread," replied Gouffier, "but one which portends total "neglect of them, and now illumes the "caſtle of Cognac—beſides, the luſtre of "the young Queen's beauties will be dimmed by tears."

"She likes not this alliance then."

"Hard is often the fate of royalty—does "your Grace recollect to have heard of the "celebrated Engliſhman, who laſt year "graced our court?"

"Charles Brandon was he not called? "the youthful Duke of Suffolk."—

"The ſame. He is devoted to his royal "miſtreſs—and ſhe approves his paſſion.—"Nay, Henry once gave ſanction to their

"vows, for Suffolk was his firſt, his choſen
"friend."

"Where hadſt thou this intelligence?"

"At the Princeſs Rene's court, from Pierre du Terraile, who went to England "to ranſom his ſire. He viſited the Britiſh "Court, where the wretchedneſs of the "Princeſs is the topic of converſation.— "Du Terraile was preſented to her, and "ſays her beauty, though obſcured by ſor- "row, ſurpaſſes all belief.

"Unhappy Princeſs," ſaid Margaret, "and the noble Suffolk—"

"By heaven! I envy him," cried Gouf- fier, "her ſtate—not Mary, is his enemy— "better ſee the miſtreſs of his ſoul for eve "divided from his hopes, and return hi "tenderneſs—than behold her free—an "ſee his miſery in her changed ſentiments "averted looks, and cold civilities."— Gouffier's eyes ſuffuſed in tears, and hi voice became inarticulate. Margaret re garded him with an air of hauteur; the returning to the Italian language—

"I woul

"I would be alone, my Lord."

"Ungenerous and unjuſt," ſaid Gouffier, in the ſame; "tell me, oh! tell me, "thou torturing lovely tyrant, in what "have I offended, and how have I forfeited "that favour?—Life is hateful ſince unbleſt "by—"

"Inſolence," ſaid Margaret, biting her lip.

"Once 'twas not ſo," ſaid Gouffier tenderly.

"I deteſt the recollection," anſwered Margaret, and again deſired to be alone—Gouffier obeyed with a look of reproach.

Eudocia, aſtoniſhed at this ſcene, turned to Ellinor, who led her to a long gallery, where many young females were employed, ſome embroidering, ſome painting, whilſt others were buſied in making up rich dreſſes, and ſorting ornaments for them. She wondered, commended their taſte, and followed her guide to the Counteſs's apartment. Here ſhe ſaw the ladies-companions, as they were ſtiled. It was uſual with the ladies

of royal blood, to take the daughters of gentlemen, or impoveriſhed nobles, under their protection; they had them inſtructed ſuitable to their birth, and ſaw thoſe married whoſe good qualities procured them courtiers: if they remained ſingle to a certain age, they had their choice of retiring to a convent, or remaining as gouvernantes to new comers. Louiſe loved gaiety, and filled her caſtle with ſuch as could contribute to its amuſement. But how was Eudocia ſurpriſed at the grand reception room, where ſhe found ſome of the ladies ſurrounded by ſtudied refinement and exceſs of profuſion—the room was hung with cloth of gold—curious carved work corniced it—the cieling was painted by the firſt artiſts, and coſtly mirrors, impannelled from top to bottom, reflected on all ſides the glittering ſcene—large vaſes of pure gold, and the fineſt porcelain, breathed the choiceſt perfumes, ſickening the ſenſe with Aſiatic delicacy—the ladies leaned on couches, and by languid touches of their

lutes

lutes, filled the air with ſoft vibrations—yet care and diſcontent at times would viſibly ſit on the brow of Louiſe—Eudocia wondered that they ſhould.

It was night ere ſhe had ſeen half the grandeur of the caſtle. Her head turned at the unuſual ſcene, and ached at the perfumes which filled every breeze—her feelings were wound up to a painful ſenſibility, and ſhe retired to her room impatient to be alone with her mother, and tell of all ſhe heard and ſaw.

Madam Valere was as impatient to hear her obſervations—but wiſhed they ſhould come unaſked—"How beauteous is the "Lady Margaret, Eudocia," ſhe ſaid careleſsly.

"True, Madam, but I am miſtaken if "that perfection reaches to the ſoul—and "I regard her with ſentiments of admira-"tion, rather than eſteem."—She repeated the converſation already written, and concluded with—"Now Ellinor tells me Gouf-"fier is her true knight ſtill, though ſhe,

" fickle as April ſunſhine, now ſcorns him,
" after having once accepted of his ſervices
" —the Counteſs knew it not—and con-
" cealment you have taught me is unworthy
" an elevated ſoul." (Here a bluſh of ſelf-reproach gave a deeper tinge to her cheek.)
" Perhaps you think, wounded by reflec-
" tion on this breach of filial duty, ſhe
" ſuppreſſed her paſſion, and ſtrove to
" conquer his. Alas! no, my mother—
" ſhe is only cruel to Gouffier, becauſe
" another cavalier, named Florimond de
" Robertat, has a finer figure.—She beheld
" him but twice, and that twice has given
" him more merit in her eyes, than the
" reſpectful tender vows of Gouffier.

" You judge young Margaret with too
" much aſperity," ſaid Madam Valere.
" Ellinor may have given improper motives
" for her actions—and you, without ex-
" amining whether they are true or falſe,
" immediately view them through the me-
" dium ſhe preſents you. Learn to decide
" with caution on every character, for

" though

" though the firſt opinion every perſon in-
" ſenſibly makes on each new acquaintance
" may ſometimes prove juſt, it will be
" oftener erroneous; and ſuch as allow them-
" ſelves to be wholly influenced by theſe
" firſt impreſſions, will frequently wrong a
" noble ſoul if embodied in a forbidding
" form, and yield their good thoughts to
" one whoſe ſole merit is a deceitful exte-
" rior.—Neither are manners to decide—a
" villain may aſſume the ſmile of benevo-
" lence, the addreſs of humility, and the
" air of candour.—A woman, endued with
" the ſoul of a Portia, may, from a neg-
" lected or improper education, wear the
" light levity of a court Cognelle. But
" we will renew this ſubject ſome other
" time. What think you of the ladies
" companions?"

" A few excepted, I do not like them—
" they are lovely it is true, but they are
" unadorned by modeſty—their looks aſ-
" ſured—their forms diſtorted by affected
" geſtures—and their hearts divided between

" twenty adorers. Whilſt I ſat among them,
" they began compariſons of the young
" courtiers, and ſtraight the Counteſs's uſher
" joined them—and he fell to defamatory
" tales of noble lords and ladies of the
" court—to which they liſtened with ſtrict
" attention;—when the bell rung for maſs.
" A friar came to inform them Father Ber-
" tram would ſoon begin: 'Would he were
" tongue-tied,' cried they—ſupinely riſing
" from their ſeats—'But prithee, Mon-
" ſieur, be careful to remember where you
" left off.' And ſo they ſaid their prayers,
" and returned again to liſten with avidity
" to an evil tongue—At laſt he was obliged
" to attend the Counteſs, and in came a
" pretty little page, who diſtributed to all
" folded billet doux, it was I think they
" called them—theſe were all from ena-
" moured knights—ſome ſighed, and ſome
" laughed, but all were pleaſed—and then
" they fell to wagering which was beſt
" penned, and which by the prettieſt gen-
" tleman.—They concluded all with accla-
" mations

" mations on hearing the treaty of marriage
" is ſigned between our Sovereign and the
" Britiſh Princeſs—She and her retinue will
" ſoon ſet out on their way to France, and
" are to be met at Abbeville by Lewis and
" his Court, and the Counteſs and her train
" will join the cavalcade."

" But how is it, my mother, the Counteſs
" and you ſhould call each other friend?—
" She is unlike you—I cannot diſcover the
" leaſt trace of that ſympathy which is the
" bond of friendſhip."

" Again, Eudocia, your fancy takes the lead
" of your judgment, and you pronounce at
" once on the diſpoſition of the Counteſs.
" Allow for the difference in our rank—ſi-
" tuation—fortune—Once—ah! how dear
" to memory that recollection, once our
" hearts were in perfect uniſon—Oh Louiſe!
" choſen ſiſter of my ſoul! I will not ſup-
" poſe they are not yet ſo—or that thoſe
" changes, thoſe years which have divided
" us, have altered aught but our exterior
" — Thine, yet attractive, has acquired

" even more captivating turns—my chee
" faded by care, and my brow contract
" ed by melancholy, ſeems not of the ſam
" date."

Again Eudocia begged to be informed
her mother's ſtory—again ſhe was put off
a future period.

Some days had elapſed ere Eudocia ce
ed to wonder—ſhe gradually (ſuch is t
force of cuſtom) began to view with l
diſguſt thoſe inſtances ſhe at firſt diſappro
ed—became familiar with the ladies comp
nions—but was ſtill too much the child
nature to adopt their manners.

The day arrived in which the Count
and her ſuite were to ſet forward to Ab
ville.—Eudocia had wiſhed to accompa
them, but an indiſpoſition which ſeized M
dam Valere drove every other idea from h
mind, and left her no anxiety but for h
recovery. The Counteſs's phyſician a
people attended her, but ſhe was herſelf o
liged to leave her caſtle at the day appoint
and meet the illuſtrious bride.

Eudo

Eudocia ſeemed inſenſible to every other care, and watched with affectionate diligence over a parent ſo dear, ſo deſervedly revered—her malady gradually yielded to medicine, and her delighted daughter ſaw her reſtored to her prayers.

Eudocia had now time to feel the vacuum left in the caſtle of Cognac, deſerted by its luxurious miſtreſs; to wile away thoſe heavy hours, ſhe beſought her mother to tell her thoſe parts of her life ſhe ſo often alluded to, and which had raiſed a curioſity painful to ſuppreſs—unable to refuſe a requeſt often made, and now tenderly inforced, Madam Valere gave her the following detail:———

* * * * *

" My mother was daughter and heireſs to a nobleman of diſtinguiſhed rank and great riches in Savoy.—She was brought up with the daughters of the reigning Duke, and was particularly beloved by his

eldeſt; that Charlotte who was married to Lewis the Eleventh. — Eudocia De Montargis and the Lady Charlotte had the moſt perfect friendſhip for each other, and at the time of her union with Lewis (my grand-father being dead) my mother accompanied her into France—the Lady Bona, ſiſter to the Queen, alſo determined to leave Savoy's retired court, for that of Lewis's, which, though not to be compared with the preſent, was the firſt in Europe; but it ſoon owed its three greateſt ornaments to Savoy, in the perſons of the Queen, her ſiſter, and my mother. The Lady Bona's view in attending her ſiſter was that of pleaſure merely—my mother's entirely friendſhip—a dear tie yet bound her heart to Savoy, and had claims on it not inferior to thoſe ſhe yielded to Charlotte—ſhe loved her brother Philip, and was beloved by him. He was heir to the Dukedom; and views of policy had induced his father to contract him to the heireſs of a neighbouring ſtate

ſtate; the ſame views obliged Philip and Eudocia to conceal their attachment from parental obſervation, dreading to haſten a match ſo deſtructive to their hopes, and which now ſeemed at ſuch a diſtance by delays and treaties, as to admit a poſſibility of its being totally obſtructed by the common courſe of accidents.

"When the ambaſſadors of Lewis demanded the Lady Charlotte, her gentle timid mind yielded itſelf to the diſpoſal of her father. It is true ſhe liked not the character of Lewis, nor could ſhe reaſonably flatter herſelf, a heart ſwayed by cruelty, ſuperſtition and diſſimulation, could ever be reſponſive to the feelings of her own. But he had a paſſion for our ſex, and Charlotte's form might have pleaſed the niceſt eye—her manners winning, and perſuaſive, might be expected to ſoften his, and give her an aſcendant over him—Her good ſenſe was ſufficient to direct her in a proper uſe of ſuch influence, and as her affections were diſengaged, ſhe gave her conſent to the requeſt

of

of the Duke, who felt gratified by thus gaining a powerful and aggrandizing ally—as well as the Lady Bona, who, beautiful to perfection, and playfully gay, exulted in the anticipated conquests she must make in Lewis's court—Philip felt but one regret on the event, which was, when Eudocia De Montargis avowed her resolution of attending her friend—he found some consolation for this regret, in the hope he should find in the influence of his brother-in-law, a means of avoiding the alliance projected for him, and so repugnant to his feelings.

Charlotte was received by Lewis with that affected plainness, and neglect of exterior which was one of his characteristics—Yet he seemed touched by her charms—she had exerted every means of setting them off—she saw her success, which made some amends for the ungallant manner with which he welcomed her to his throne.

Bona shewed evident signs of discontent—nor could its sacredness exempt from her ridicule the leaden crucifix (that favourite badge

badge of his) which he wore conſtantly in his hat; and ſhe was meditating a return to the mountains of Savoy, when an event reconciled her both to France and its King—this was the treaty Lewis entered into with the Earl of Warwick, on the part of his maſter, Edward the Fourth of England, who demanded the Lady Bona's hand.

"Edward was one of the handſomeſt men of his age, and he poſſeſſed all thoſe gallant and princely qualities, which charm the public, and enſure its applauſe.—Bona had always liſtened to his panegyrick with peculiar pleaſure.—He was her favourite hero—and to gratify herſelf by hearing encomiums on their Sovereign, ſhe diſtinguiſhed all thoſe Engliſh who viſited the Court. It is eaſy to imagine with what ſatisfaction ſhe learned ſhe was deſtined to be the conſort of the Royal Edward—the Lord Dammartin preſented her picture to him, ſhe was gratified by the envoy's report, that Edward had paſſionately kiſſed the miniature, and placed it next his heart, expreſſed an impatience to

ſee

ſee the original—queſtioned Dammartin of her, and hearing her mind was as finiſhed as her exterior, exclaimed "Sure I am the "moſt fortunate of men."

"But the cup of felicity which Bona in the fulneſs of her joy, declared to be filled even to overflowing, and preſented ſure by her good genius to her hand, was unexpectedly daſhed from it, ere it reached her lip—During the conferences, and adjuſtment of dowry, ceremonies, &c. Edward ſaw the Lady Elizabeth Grey—a widow and a ſubject—The fair, noble Bona—Lewis's reſentment, that of the inſulted Ambaſſadors now in treaty—all were forgotten, or if remembered, were obſtacles too weak to oppoſe to the charms he ſaw in the young widow, whom he afterwards married; and thus began that unhappineſs which afterwards attended the daughters of the Duke of Savoy. —Bona ſunk from the happy gaiety of gratified wiſhes, to the gloom of ſullen deſpair. Her ſiſter entered warmly into her diſtreſs, nor was the gentle Queen without her own

ſhare

ſhare of diſquietude—Lewis, ſuch as I have deſcribed, devoid of delicacy or real love, was incapable of a ſolid attachment to any one—the buſineſs of his life was plotting, and executing thoſe various ſchemes for which he ſo much valued himſelf. His relaxations were ſenſual pleaſures with venal beauties—a ſtranger to that gentle, manly ſoftneſs, which would have procured reſpect and politeneſs at leaſt, for a character amiable as his Queen's; he treated her with groſſneſs, neglect, or brutality.

"Lewis had long diſguſted many of the old nobility, by diſplacing them, and raiſing to their poſts creatures of his own, ſelected for their meanneſs, arts, and flexibility, of low birth, and worſe morals. The diſcontented nobles formed themſelves into a confederacy, and ſoon acquired the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne to join them, who both were apprized of the ambitious aim of Lewis, to conquer by arms or win by art their duchies, and annex them to his crown. The Count of Charolois, ſon of the

Duke

Duke of Burgundy, was chief of the confederacy—Edward of England protected it, and even offered his ſiſter Margaret in marriage to Charolois, whoſe pride and ambition were flattered by the overture, and the uſual treaties began.

"The union againſt Lewis every day acquired new ſtrength—and he, by no means deficient in perſonal bravery, was obliged to take the field, after two encounters, in which fortune ſided with Charolois; the count advanced at laſt even to Paris. Lewis had courage—but ſtratagems were his favourite arms. By theſe, more than generalſhip, he now foiled Charolois. Eudocia de Montargis was beautiful, noble, and wealthy. He contrived, and affected, an interview between her and the Count, the conſequence of which was a violent paſſion on his ſide, and an abatement in his zeal for the confederacy—He ſtopped the negociations for the Engliſh alliance, and Edward, in turn, was mortified by the caprice of paſſion—and the rejection of his ſiſter

Lewis

Lewis intrigued with the confidents of Charolois, and promiſed the hand of Mamoiſelle de Montargis, which he averred was at his diſpoſal. The Count, to avoid the imputation of deſerting the confederacy, contrived to ſow diſſention in the army. Jealouſies, jarring intereſts, murmurings prevailed, and he had the addreſs to make the propoſal come from the principal leaders, that he, as chief of the party, ſhould meet Lewis, and debate on the terms of accommodation. which was complied with, and an end was put to immediate hoſtilities at that interview.

"Lewis complimenting his ſagacity, now ſignified to Eudocia his intention of beſtowing her on the Count de Charolois.—She diſclaimed his authority, and reſolutely, as well as haughtily, refuſed compliance. Lewis, abſolute and imperious, incenſed at her daring to diſpute his will, now reſolved to carry it into execution—by tampering with a favourite attendant, and her confidante, he learned her engagement with

Philip

Philip of Savoy. He ſent to inform th
Duke; he purſued ſuch meaſures as drov
Philip, of an impetuous diſpoſition, an
attached to Eudocia even to adoration, t
rebellion; he was beloved and ſeconded b
his adherents ſo warmly, that the Duk
was obliged to take ſhelter in the court o
his ſon-in-law; and the Savoyards inveſte
Philip with the ſovereignty.

"Philip had acted from the firſt dictate
of wild frenzy and exceſs of paſſion. H
no ſooner ſaw his father a fugitive, than
ſtruck with remorſe, he ſent one of hi
friends to Lewis, to intreat his mediatio
between him and the old Duke — promiſe
to reſign the authority he had uſurped, an
even quit his dominions—ſtipulating onl
one condition, that he ſhould not be requi
ed to conclude the alliance choſen for him
Lewis deſired his preſence at his court, a
ſuring him all differences ſhould be adjuſt
ed; but no ſooner did the unſuſpecting
youth deliver himſelf up to him—than h
treacherouſly made him a priſoner, ſent hi
unde

nder a guard to the caſtle of Loches, and e Duke returned to Savoy.

"Lewis once more ſummoned the Ma- emoiſelle de Montargis to his cloſet. She as not ignorant of the late tranſactions in voy; but ſhe was now informed of their urce, and the fate of her lover; and that r marriage ſhould only take off his bonds.

"Confounded at the arts of the faithleſs ng, ſhe reſolved to diſſemble in turn— em gradually to yield—admit an interview th the Count, and throw herſelf on his neroſity, by telling him her ſituation— r inviolable attachment to Philip, which nly could be a bar to the propoſed alliance, honourable and flattering to her. "The Count is brave," ſhe argued, "ambitious, liberal, tender; ſuch qualities of a great mind promiſe me he will become my friend." She was not miſtaken in r concluſion, and ſhe won Charolois to r views. Incenſed at the perfidy of ewis, he meditated revenge. He demanded from him the releaſe of the noble captive;

tive; but unwarily he firſt let him diſco
ver his changed ſentiments and deſign
Lewis, as may be ſuppoſed, refuſed th
demand; enraged too at finding himſe
foiled at his own weapons, he even emplo
ed a ruffian to aſſaſſinate the Count, wh
diſcovered the villainy, and retired in
Burgundy, determined to exert every mea
of puniſhing it. His father, Philip t
Good, died about this time, and he ſu
ceeded to his dukedom. To ſtrengthen h
power, he renewed the idea of an allian
with Edward; he appeaſed the Monar
by excuſes and conceſſions, and at laſt ob
tained his ſiſter; when Lewis ſaw his tw
moſt dangerous enemies united by intere
againſt him.

"Contrivance he believed to be his for
and once more engaged in his darli
ſcheming. The Count St. Paul, and Bar
de Comerci, were the two noblemen
whom the new Duke of Burgundy m
confided. They were complete generals
beloved by the troops, and half the ſpi

f the confederacy. St. Paul had long lov-
d the Lady Bona, and had meditated ad-
reſſing her, ere ſhe left her father's court.
But when ſhe became ſo nearly allied to
Lewis, and that his deſign of matching her
ith the Britiſh King became public, he
ropped a deſign he deemed too aſpiring.
Comerci had been equally pleaſed with the
air De Montargis.—She frowned on his ſuit
—and the offended pride of the Baron bade
im forget the inſenſible beauty—he made
he attempt, but was unſucceſsful; and ſpite
f himſelf, he ſtill ſighed at the mention of
er name. The emiſſaries of Lewis aſſail-
d theſe nobles, and offered the only bribe
ither would have accepted, to detach them
rom the intereſt of Burgundy.—The Lady
Bona, and the Conſtable's Staff, were of-
ered St. Paul, and accepted by him—
Comerci was equally unable to decline the
bait preſented to him, and he agreed to the
conditions.

" The Lady Bona, careleſs as to any ex-
pectations of future happineſs, without ex-
amining

amining the character or diſpoſition of the Count St. Paul, yielded to the intreaties of her ſiſter, and fulfilled the engagements entered into for her by Lewis.

"Comerci was a man, dark, proud, reſerved, imperious and vindictive; quickly alive to the leaſt error or ſlight, in all connected with him; but dead to the feelings of a benevolent mind, and a tender heart; to the voice of entreaty or perſuaſion he was obſtinately deaf; and no human power could turn aſide any one reſolution he made. Love, which often ſubdues or ſoftens the fierceſt minds, had no ſuch effect on his.—Ah! 'twas not love—I dignify by its name the motive which led him to diſtinguiſh Mademoiſelle de Montargis; yet he did diſtinguiſh her, and now earneſtly sought to obtain her.

"Philip ſtill pined in captivity, and Eudocia faithfully numbered ſigh for ſigh with him. Worn out with ineffectual intreaties to Lewis, ſhe at length bid him name any terms for his freedom; as none could

be more ſevere, than the torment ſhe ſuffered from the idea of his waſting his youth in a priſon, and languiſhing from wearied expectation, and continual diſappointment, for her ſake.

"Reſtore him to that world," ſhe ſaid, "he was formed to delight and adorn; "though he is thus loſt to me — I reſign "thee, Philip—cruel proof of fondneſs— "I renounce thy vows." Lewis took her at her word, and propoſed Comerci; ſhe gave a haſty affirmation, ſpoke with mental anguiſh, and abruptly retired to her chamber.

"Sad and gloomy were the nuptials of the unfortunate Montargis with Comerci. Ah! ominous to the fate of the offspring of it—tinged throughout by thoſe darkened ſhades.

"Philip, as ſoon as the means of his dear-bought liberty was announced to him, loſt all deſire of poſſeſſing it. He could not bring himſelf to that father, who, though juſtly offended, yet was untouched by his

repentance, and unmoved by his misfortunes. He repaired to the Duke of Burgundy's court, and was received there with diſtinction.

" Comerci was anxious to remove his bride from the ſiſters of the man whom he knew to be maſter of her heart, and heard with diſpleaſure the affection ſhe profeſſed for them. Philip, he imagined, was the tie which bound her to them; and he ſoon after his marriage conducted her to the caſtle de la Roſſignol in Savoy.

" Here they lived in total ſolitude: of a jealous diſpoſition, he never ſuffered her to receive any viſitor in the caſtle, and very rarely to ſtir out of it; when ſhe did, a numerous train of vaſſals attended her; and her airings had more the melancholy appearance of her funeral proceſſion, than excurſions for health, or the pleaſures of beholding the bounteous gifts of prodigal nature, and the harmony of all her productions. Of the temper I have deſcribed my father, you may form ſome judgment of their domeſtic

life;

life; he ſometimes went to pay his court to Lewis; but never allowed the Baroneſs to accompany him.

"Some years after her marriage I was born, and ſhe received me as the only mitigation fate allowed for her ſufferings. In acts of benevolence, in watching fondly over my infancy and childhood, and in endeavours to communicate to me thoſe accompliſhments ſhe was till then vainly miſtreſs of, ſhe filled up thoſe hours ſhe had before found ſo heavy. Secluded from ſociety, with a ſoul peculiarly formed for it, all her tenderneſs—all thoſe various cares and purſuits, which would there have divided her, were now collected to one point, and bent on me. Imagine the returns my heart made her. My father auſtere, and unrelaxed by parental tenderneſs, I regarded with reſpect, but ſtrongly blended with awe: as a ſevere judge, I trembled under his obſervation, and avoided his eye; I ſpoke before him with apprehenſion, and felt relieved by his abſence. My mother was dear to me as

the life ſhe gave; if I by chance loſt ſight of her, I felt as if abandoned by my guardian angel. I loved her with ſuch mixed ſenſations of affection, reverence, and admiration, as reſembled the adoration of an enthuſiaſt for his favourite ſaint.

"Juſt as I had reached my fourteenth year—oh! bitter remembrance!—ſhe was called to the reward of thoſe virtues ſhe exerciſed with ſuch an equal, unaſſuming mind.

"Difficult and thorny was her paſſage through this life, yet I, ſelfiſh as I was, grieved when ſhe arrived at its termination — nor could I reaſon my agonized heart into an acquieſcence in its own ſufferings, by the reflection that hers were now turned to the fulneſs of bliſs—her ſighs into aſpirations of beatified virtue. — Oh! my mother! my mind, though ſchooled by adverſity, yet bends under the recollection --- yet feels a pang of unſubdued affliction.

"My life now became, indeed, weariſome "as a twice told tale," and though yet in its dawn, uncheered by hope—unmarked by expectation—

expectation—painful ſtate, that inactivity of the ſoul, which ruſts its power, and reduces it to an exiſtence ſcarce worthy of being claſſed in the page of humanity.

"My father ſeemed no way ſoftened by the death of my mother, or more awakened by it to parental love, or pity for my early ſorrows. His yearly journey to the court now came about, and I was left with my attendants at Roſſignol. One evening as I rambled at ſunſet through its woods, I heard the diſtant ſound of horſes, and voices of travellers; I ſtopped to liſten, and ſoon they became viſible. A lady it was, ſeemingly of my own age, in a hunting dreſs, attended by her maids and other domeſtics. As ſhe approached me, I viewed her with unuſual pleaſure; except my mother's, I had never ſeen a face ſo lovely, or a form ſo graceful—ſhe only ſeemed to me of the ſame order of beings; ſeveral of my ſervants were with me. On coming up to me ſhe ſtopped; ſhe had been engaged in the chace, and following it too far, had

loſt her way. She begged me to direct her.

"An impulſe I could not reſiſt, prompted me to invite her to the caſtle, and there refreſh herſelf and ſuite, when I aſſured her my people ſhould eſcort her to the high road, and till then I declared they ſhould give her no information. Smiling, and ſeemingly pleaſed at the earneſtneſs of my requeſt, ſhe complied with it; and after the firſt compliments we could not perſuade ourſelves this was our firſt interview — our hearts claimed a much nearer acquaintance—Ah! what wonder!—'Twas Louiſe of Savoy!—daughter of Philip, now in poſſeſſion of the dukedom — Our ſecret ſympathy no longer ſurpriſed us. We were not ignorant of the ſentiments which once united Philip and Eudocia; and we deplored anew their fate. Louiſe ſent one of her ſuite to her father to excuſe her ſtay, (who was at an hunting lodge of his in the neighbourhood of Roſſignol) and ſhe agreed to remain at the caſtle that night. Sleep engroſſ-

ed

ed but little of it; and it was late next day before ſhe could bid me adieu. She preſſed me to accompany her --I dared not comply. Philip was a widower, and as fond a parent as mine was harſh; his daughter's wiſhes ever became his; and ſhe without heſitation promiſed to viſit me again. She kept her word, and ſtaid ten days; when our ſudden liking was improved into mutual eſteem and confidence.

"When my father returned, I fearfully informed him of what had happened. He frowned as I concluded, and with added ſeverity of tone ſaid:

"I command thee, Charlotte, be more "guarded in thy conduct; nor preſume in "my abſence to admit any ſtranger to my "caſtle. I forbid thee to encourage that "tendency to the Houſe of Savoy, which "was the foible of the line of Montargis "—I like not Philip."

"Some days after his return to Roſſignol, a courier arrived from Philip, to invite the Baron and his daughter to court. With a

brow contracted by moroſeneſs, he receiv. ed his greetings, and returned to his meſ. ſenger this ungentle anſwer:

"Tell thy maſter, if I choſe Charlotte "de Comerci ſhould appear at court—I "could without his interference conduct "her thither. But I like not courts; if I "did, it ſhould be that of Lewis—not one "formed by a ſet of needy vaſſals in the "petty ſtate of Savoy."

"Philip treated this taunt as it deſerved, and generouſly ſeparated the unoffending daughter from her haughty ſire. He permitted Louiſe to write me tender, conſolatory billets; nay to meet me at the houſe of my foſter-father, who was foreſter and keeper of Sanglier, my father's hunting lodge, whither he ſometimes permitted me to attend him, and ſhare with him the amuſement of the chace; the only one I knew.

"It was now, my Eudocia, I felt thoſe wiſhes, that wild impatience to mix with the world, which fluttered your heart at

Suzy

Suzy vale—but Roſſignol was not as Suzy was to thee—or I am perſuaded I ſhould never have known ſuch.

"Thus paſſed the days till I arrived at my ſixteenth year, when I learned that the Duke d'Angouleme, one of the princes of the blood-royal of France, was contracted to my Louiſe. She wrote me herſelf that ſhe was to leave Savoy, and accompany him to France—that her route lay by Sanglier, and ſhe conjured me to give her the meeting there. I was ſo lucky as to gain my father's permiſſion to go hunt there for a few days, though he did not; here we renewed our vows of friendſhip, and parted with many tears on both ſides. I returned dejected to Roſſignol; amazed I ſaw an air of feſtivity throughout the caſtle, and as I went into the reception room, drew back—a cavalier ſat there with my father, who called out, "Come in, Charlotte, and re-"ceive thy father's friend, the brave Count "Campobaſſo." He had the air of a warrior, and the addreſs of a courtier; I had

never ſeen ſuch a man before, yet I ſaw him with the moſt perfect indifference. My father ſeemed to abate his natural hauteur as he converſed with him; and they were locked up together for hours in his cloſet. I learned the ſtranger had a high command in the army of the Duke of Burgundy, and that his viſit to my father was a political one.

"Charlotte," ſaid the Baron to me, one day, as he entered my chamber, "the "Count Campobaſſo loves you—and I ap- "prove him for my ſon-in-law; prepare "then to receive him as your huſband; "you *can* have no objection to do ſo; and "even had you ſuch, you are not now to "learn—I will be *obeyed*."

"Indeed it was a leſſon I was too perfect in—and as he ſaid, had I entertained any objection, I muſt have confined it to my own breaſt; but on the contrary I had none, and hoped to find the Count a leſs ſevere maſter than my father. I gave my hand to his then, as he extended it, and

with

with an assenting courtesy allowed him to lead me down stairs to the Count; who met me in the middle of the room, respectfully bowing as I advanced. "Here, Count," said the Baron, "receive from me the "hand of Charlotte de Comerci, as noble "a maid as France can boast: remember "she is the bond of our union, and might "claim a higher title than Countess Cam-"pobasso."

"The Count bowed—then turning to me —"Is it true, fair Charlotte, that I possess "your good thoughts, and that you design "to view me with preference? ah! com-"plete my happiness by the bless'd assu-"rance."

"Nothing is easier to me than such a "confession," I replied, "yet is there in "it no cause for exultation; your Lordship "is the only man I ever beheld, whose "situation could make him for a moment "remembered by the daughter of the Ba-"ron de Comerci."

"The next morning in the chapel at Ros-

ſignol, my father preſented my hand to the Count; I gave him an excluſive claim to a heart I as yet was myſelf unacquainted with, and yielded my vows to a man I knew little more of than the name. Is it ſtrange ſuch an union ſhould be unbleſſed?

"Was this my father?" ſaid Eudocia with emotion.

"Sacred be thy feelings, my child," ſaid the Counteſs—"yes! thy father!—thy in-"human father! who expoſed thy helpleſ-"ſex and infamy to the baſeſt wants!"—Eudocia looked ſhocked—"I but anticipate," ſaid the Counteſs—"Attend to me."

"I now found the ſecret which engroſſed my huſband and father. The former was employed by the Duke of Burgundy to tamper with the Count St. Paul, now Conſtable of France (as I have ſaid), and wedded to Lady Bona. The Conſtable had often regretted his deſertion of the confederacy; he had a perſonal love for the Duke, and hatred for Lewis; and that hatred was augmented by the ſuggeſtion

of his wife, who deteſted him for his inhuman conduct to her amiable ſiſter. She entered into Campobaſſo's views, and their united efforts made him once more ſacrifice good faith. He became the ſecret ally of the Duke of Burgundy, and his poſt afforded him many opportunities of rendering him the moſt eſſential ſervices.

"In my father's laſt journey to court, St. Paul ſounded his loyalty; he found it not of the ſtricteſt, owing to ſome pique at a ſlight offered him by Lewis; and the Baron lent a ready ear to St. Paul's offer of a command under the Duke, in the concerted renewal of animoſities. You are not ignorant of the feuds, which from this time, diſturbed the reign of Lewis; nor that the Conſtable was at length the ſacrifice to the reconciliation of the King and Duke; he was undoubtedly guilty of double treachery, and his head paid the forfeit. But this is not to my purpoſe. Campobaſſo had come to Roſſignol, to concert ſome meaſures previous to the declaration

claration of hoſtilities; he was warmly re-
commended by the Duke, whoſe favourite
he was; and inſinuated himſelf ſo much
into the good graces of the Baron, that he
gave him his only child, and heireſs of
his immenſe wealth. In ſome months after
their ſchemes became ripe for execution,
and they determined to leave the caſtle de
la Roſſignol. Though I had often wiſhed
to mix with ſociety; yet divided for the firſt
time from my native roof, I could not view
its turrets leſſening on the ſight without
emotions of regret. We reached the court
of Burgundy, and were received there with
peculiar honours.

"On my entrance into the world, nothing
ſurpriſed or mortified me ſo much as a
compariſon of my own ſituation with re-
ſpect to my huſband, and that of other wo-
men with theirs—Some, indeed, by compul-
ſion, I perceived lived unhappily—Others,
more fortunate, poſſeſſed each other's confi-
dence, eſteem, and affection. I ſeemed a ne-
gative being to *mine*. He careſſed me with-
out

out tenderneſs—met me without pleaſure—and parted from me without regret. The delightful intercourſe of ſoul, and communication of thought, was a charm unknown to us—I ſeemed no way neceſſary to his happineſs, and that idea began to diſturb mine—Of a gentle nature, and a ſuſceptible ſoul, my heart was alive to every ſocial tie—every finer feeling—Yet, I ſeemed ſhut out from the enjoyment of either. An auſtere father, and an incomprehenſible lord, were my only connections, and the vacuum left in my mind, was unfortunately for my peace too ſoon filled up by an object meritorious, and charming enough to juſtify the moſt romantic prepoſſeſſion.

"I had now for two years mixed with courts and ſuch as frequent them—I had received the homage offered ſuperior ſtation, and taſted the gratifications of wealth and honours—I came to Solomon's diſcouraging concluſion—that theſe were "Vanities"—But *yet*, young and ſanguine, I did not believe him that all were ſo. Friendſhip I was an enthuſiaſt in, and with the romance natural

tural to my age and education, I added an high opinion of love. "'Tis," cried I, "the eſſence of friendſhip, the refinement of paſſion, the ſole object worth exiſting for.—To love—to be beloved. Why was I united with Campobaſſo?," murmured my heart. All the gay ſhows which enlivened the Burgundian court, all thoſe trials of ſkill, dexterity, and valour, had their ſource in love. The prize of the tilt would have been unclaimed, the tournament without competitors, had not the victors had a higher reward in view, in the invigorating glance of approbation, received from their miſtreſs.

"Whilſt one of the deceitful calms which was ſometimes obſerved, ſubſiſted between the kingdom of France and Duchy of Burgundy, a tilt was proclaimed by the Duke, who was fond of ſuch diverſions, open to all comers of all nations.

"The day arrived, and the liſts prepared, the Duke committed the prizes to the keeping of the principal ladies of the Court, to be conferred by their hands on the victor, according to the award of the judges of the games.

ames, he had given them the beſt, ſecond eſt, &c. and to honour Campobaſſo his vourite general, the wreath which was to e conſidered as the palm, was entruſted to y care; it was a victor's crown. The lau- l leaves were of emeralds, and the hues f various other flowers entwined round it, ere expreſſed by rubies, topazes, ſapphires, c.

"Dreſſed (as was cuſtomary) with the reateſt ſplendour, I took my place amongſt e ladies, in whoſe fair hands were the con- ſted trophies. Mine was the higheſt ſeat, nd I filled it with the ſupine air of one un- tereſted as to the event. Not ſo my com- anions, their hearts ſided with ſome one knight, and palpitated with the wiſh of be- owing on him the prize they held. Cam- obaſſo, who was one of the judges of the ſts, viewed me with unuſual attention; he ily reminded me he was an Italian, and autioned me not to draw on the happy vic- or I ſhould reward, his jealouſy, by en- iching the prize in my gift with my own

ap-

approbation of him. Surpriſed at this turn, and ſomewhat aſſured by it, my ſpirits lightened, and I felt for the firſt time of conſequence with myſelf. I liſtened to the converſation of thoſe around me; ſome told of one cavalier, ſome of another; one's proweſs, another's form, a third's air, and ſo on, were diſcuſſed; but all names at once gave place to Terraile's, Chevalier Bayard.

"He will diſpute the prizes"—ſaid one.

"Then will they be contended for by "the flower of Chivalry"—replied another.

"He is handſome"—obſerved a third.

"And noble, and graceful, and courte- "ous, and humane;" every great quality thus enumerated by various voices, finally concluded with,

"And deſcended from a race of heroes. "His great grand-ſire fell in meeting a "blow aimed at the life of his ſovereign, "King John, in the battle of Poitiers. His "grand-ſire long maintained that of Agin- "court, and when he was ſlain, the day

"was

"was half loſt. His ſire fell in the field "Montlekery, and he himſelf has been re-"nowned in arms, even from his child-"hood."

"But he is proud," ſaid envy—"and "withal inſenſible even to the faireſt dames."

"I added theſe qualities to the catalogue of his perfections, mentally obſerving, ſhe will then be more flattered, who ſhall win his favour.

"The trumpets ſounded, and many diſtinguiſhed nobles entered the liſts. Their ſteeds ſcarce yielding to the curb, their ribbons, the colour of their miſtreſs, fluttered on the gale, and their emblems and devices were expreſſive of the gallantry of the wearers.

"Three times the heralds ſounded to the charge, when one, the laſt— yet firſt appeared. Grandeur marked his air and elegance every geſture. It ſeemed as if he had permitted his competitors to ſhine ſo long, or had waited only to evince more fully his ſuperiority. That ſuperio-

rity

rity my heart yielded him, and at once became intereſted for his ſucceſs. In vain was each prize diſputed, all ſeemed foiled ere they had well begun, and repeated conqueſt proclaimed him no other than the famed Bayard. Conjecture was confirmed, when he approached to receive that wreath he ſo well deſerved—bending his knee—his lance in one hand, with the other he raiſed his helmet with inimitable grace, and diſcovered a countenance manly, intereſting, and commanding; on raiſing his eyes to my face, every feature of his ſoftened into tender emotion.—His lips opened with the accuſtomed compliment, but cloſed without uttering it. He remained gazing, and abſent to the univerſal obſervation fixed on us, ſuffered all preſent to witneſs the admiration it was my fortune to inſpire him with.—Confuſed, yet pleaſed, I exerted myſelf, and preſenting the wreath, complimented him on his triumph;—ſcarce yet rouſed, he ſet his beaver wav-

ing

g with plumes at my feet, and taking e hand which held the prize, reſpectfully aiſed it to his lip.

" Ah! Madam"—he ſaid, ſoftly—" it is not the wreath of victory you preſent me —My genius has forſaken me, and I am myſelf ſubdued—Deceitful form," taking the crown—" thou art in reality the ſtrongeſt chain — yet bring'ſt ſuch ſlavery, as by Heaven! I would not exchange for former freedom; ſo ſoft the bondage—ſo lovely the impoſer."

" This addreſs was received with bluſh-, and they were heightened as I met e eye of Campobaſſo, regarding me ith ſtrict examination. My heart throbed with painful fulneſs, and I longed to e alone. The victor (ſo cuſtom bade) d me from the liſts to the Duke's pace— that opportunity was not neglectd by Bayard. He uttered ſounds too mpaſſioned for virtue to allow my attendg to—Confuſed, I ſaid ſomething—I know

know not what; but my eyes turned fearfully on Campobaſſo as we paſſed him.

"'Tis well, Madam," he whiſpered angrily, catching my robe.

"Who is that?"—ſaid Bayard, looking with ſurpriſe at my changed countenance.

"My huſband,"—I anſwered.

"Death to my hopes!"—cried Bayard haſtily, and dropped my hand, with a look of grief and aſtoniſhment. "Your huſ-
"band, ſaid you?"

"I repeated my aſſertion, and he walked in a reverie till we reached the palace.—Here a profuſe entertainment was prepared, ſucceeded by a concert of muſic, and the night was waſted in dancing.—Bayard was my partner; ſtill cuſtom favoured him; even my own heart, rebel as it was, revolted from the dominion of reaſon, and took part with mine enemy!

"The next day the ſcene was renewed,

and

nd higher prizes revived the expecta-
ions and emulation of thoſe whom yeſ-
erday had frowned on. The Duke ral-
ied me on having ſubdued the invinci-
ble—preſented me the palm for that
day, but (laughing) begged I would ſhut
my eyes, or his favour would elſe loſe
ll merit, in thoſe of the Chevalier.

"Your Highneſs is too hard on me,"—I replied; "and I can no other way "elude your raillery, than by declining "the honour you offer—ſo ſaying I pla-"ced myſelf behind his Ducheſs, who "ſat next him, and perſiſted in not "holding the prize—I muſt keep it my-"ſelf then,"—ſaid his Highneſs.

"As we ſpoke, all were aſſembled—nd the liſts were crowded. The Duke urned his head to me with an arch ſmile, nd touched my ribbon, as Bayard enter-d them.—He wore my colours. His de-vice was changed to the wreath I had preſented him, and his emblem and mot-o, though deſigned to puzzle common ob-

obſervers, yet were too well underſtood by me. One of the trophies he obtained that day was a curiouſly embroidered ſcarf. The games over, we were to retire to tents pitched outſide the liſts.—Bayard ſpread mine with this ſcarf as a carpet, and hung it round with the other prizes he obtained, for ſtill he was beſt in arms. Ah! in what *did* he *not* excel!

"The diverſions of the chace now ſucceeded; and the Duke inſiſted on his favourite's attendance—he on mine—Theſe afforded new opportunities, new inſtances of merit—augmentation of paſſion—every delicate proof of Bayard's, each day met my eye, and his inventive fancy decorated all places I was to appear in with embelliſhments, which ſpoke his anxiety to pleaſe. He was too ſucceſsful---Spite of myſelf, his idea mingled in every thought, every purſuit---Yet, I can truly ſay it was a paſſion of the pureſt kind---not one guilty wiſh ſullied it---nor did one ſigh eſcape my boſom which might not have had its

its ſource in that of a veſtal—'Twas the love of virtue—perſonified in Bayard—Yet it was puniſhed as ſeverely as the moſt criminal one could have merited—But I grow tedious, and dwell too long on theſe days—days dear to remembrance, though afflictive in their conſequence.

"Campobaſſo, contrary to my expectations, did not take any notice of Bayard's attentions from the time I mentioned. We met but ſeldom, and he appeared to have relapſed into his former apathy towards me. As I was one night in the apartment of the Ducheſs; the Duke, the Count, and Bayard, entered it together.—The Duke abruptly bid the ladies get ready their parting tokens, as a courier juſt arrived to the Chevalier, brought diſpatches which would oblige him to leave the court at day-break. My heart died at the intelligence, and the blood retreating to it from my cheek, left it pale as death, and an oppreſſive weight made me reſpire with difficulty. Bayard's quick eye ſaw

the change, and beamed with tender gratitude, ſympathy, and apprehenſion. He approached me, and ſtooping as if I had dropped ſomething, preſented me with a folded paper; ſurpriſed, and fearful of obſervation, I took it from his hand, then looking at the Count, ſaw an expreſſion in his face ſo diabolically malicious, as chilled my blood with horror.

"Thou wert born, ſurely, to complete "the wretchedneſs of my deſtiny," ſaid I, in a tone of bitterneſs to the Chevalier— "Why were thy vows offered to me?— "Fatal preference—My prophetic heart "whiſpers its peace is for ever deſtroyed, "and thy imprudence, but now has un- "done me."

"Firſt, may I periſh!"---returned Bayard---"Oh dearer far than fame, than "life or liberty, wound not my ſoul where "only it has fears, where only it can "tremble---To ſhield thy heart from the "leaſt pang, mine would exhauſt the tide "which warms it---and---"

"Huſh"—

"Huſh"—ſaid I, ſtill ſtarting with my fears—"Ah ceaſe! We are obſerved"—I looked round—Campobaſſo and the Duke were gone.

"How," thought I—"ſhall I ſtay—"Bayard will juſt now begin his farewell "compliments---I may not be able to "ſupport them." He was then converſing with the Ducheſs, his back to me. I roſe, and without any buſtle got from the apartment; I turned from the grand ſtair-caſe to a long gallery which led to a more private one; as I reached it, I ſaw coming up them the Count; he ſtopped a moment, and ſmiled upbraidingly, then advanced to where I ſtood trembling at the rencounter; he viewed me diſdainfully, and then, with contempt in every feature thus ſarcaſtically accoſted me:

"Indeed, madam! Left the apartment "and your minion there! Fair Counteſs, "how is this? Has the magnet loſt its "attractive powers? Or does feminine cu-

" riosity prevail, and the contents of that " billet so dexterously conveyed, demand " immediate inspection? An answer per- " haps is required. But I will wager it " *you* will not bungle its delivery: the ge- " nius of Eve will befriend you, and in- " spire you with some device, artful, and " less obvious than the expedient of the " Chevalier. It must be owned he is yet " but a novice in gallantry, and in truth " a lance becomes his hand far better than " a billet-doux. At a loss! Womanhood " forbid!"

" Cease! oh cease! my Lord," said I, dropping on my knee; " forbear these " taunts, and listen to my defence."

" Ay, now for it," said the Count.

" You are mistaken, my Lord. I mean " not to abuse your ear by one falsehood, " or impose on your judgment by any sub- " terfuge. I am artless, believe me, Sir, " though involved in error: yet does this " error partly owe its rise to you. My " heart

" heart was free when you became maſter
" of my hand, and had you thought it
" worth ſeeking it had been yours; but
" own candidly, my Lord, was ever one
" action of yours guided by a wiſh to ob-
" tain it?"

" Certes, Lady, I fought no ſham bat-
" tles for your favour, nor ſpread maſter-
" pieces of needle-work for your dainty
" feet to tread on, neither did I"——

" In pity, my Lord, forbear," interrupt-
ed I, " and rather compaſſionate a heart
" labouring to free itſelf from ties, I own
" I cannot juſtify. Take me! oh! take
" me back to the peaceful ſhades of Roſ-
" ſignol; I will there correct the wan-
" derings of my mind, and if you gra-
" ciouſly will make allowances for them,
" and aid my recovery, by affording me
" your pardon; that goodneſs will half
" effect my cure. Won by your confi-
" dence, and obliged by encouragement,
" my life ſhall know no wiſh but to de-
" ſerve the indulgence: no care but to re-

" compenſe it. As an earneſt of my ſe-
" rious reſolve to ſurmount my weakneſs,
" take this billet—I know not its contents,
" nor deſire it."

" Amiable frankneſs"—ſaid the Duke, advancing from his cloſet, which opened into the gallery—and going to the Count, took the billet from his hand, and tore it to pieces—" Let it periſh"—he ſaid, " and " with it all reſentment at its having " ever been written! Let it not even be " remembered." Campobaſſo looked diſ-ſatisfied—and I ſtill kneeling, was nailed to the ground by ſurpriſe. The Duke raiſed me—" Deſerving daughter of the " firſt of women! Worthy the noble line " of Montargis—The angelic ſoul of the " ſeraphic Eudocia now ſurely lends its " powers to thine. Take her, Count— " Receive her to thy boſom; nor let one " unworthy ſuſpicion fall on the purity of " hers." He joined our hands, and Cam-pobaſſo relaxing the frown which ſat on his brow, led me down ſtairs.

" My

"My father, engaged by his command, parted from me with his uſual indifference, and

* * * * *

"Early next morning we ſet out for Roſſignol. I found Campobaſſo rather what I wiſhed, than expected; and I ſtrove in earneſt to ſubdue that attachment, circumſtances had conſpired to fix in my ſoul. I was not always able to prevent my thoughts from admitting their uſual gueſt; but I conſtantly ſought to drive him thence, and reprove ſuch ſallies of imagination as had him for their object. In two years the arduous taſk was near completed—one event greatly contributed to it; as about this time I found new, and the tendereſt claims made on my heart. I was ſoon to become a mother—A thouſand reaſons now ſtarted up and ſent their aid to the influence of Campobaſſo, weakening that of Bayard over my mind. To have a ſigh for any other than the father of my child, was repugnant to delicacy; from that time I was

a ſevere inquiſitor over my feelings, and found religion, reaſon, and perſeverance, more powerful opponents than we chooſe to allow.

"At length, my Eudocia, you ſaw the light, and promiſed to be the bond of peace between thy ill-matched parents.—But already had one meditated the ſevereſt puniſhments for the other, and as far as thy infancy allowed, involved thee in her fate. With the ſubtlety of a demon he had hitherto diſſimulated his reſentment, and, fearful of the Duke, cloaked that rancour which raged more fiercely in his breaſt from being confined there.

"Barely recovered from my lying-in, and ſtill weak, I lay one night ruminating on my bed. Foreboding diſquiet had taken poſſeſſion of me, and I courted reſt in vain. A lamp reflected thy innocent cherub form, lying aſleep in the boſom of thy nurſe, whoſe bed was oppoſite mine. The ſtillneſs of the night let every gentle breath you drew meet my ear. Soon it was ſtar-

tled

tled by a harſher ſound; the door opened and preſented to my view the form of Campobaſſo. I know not what of fear came over me, but I loſt all power of thought as he approached. I was rouſed by the tread of another foot; 'twas his valet, whoſe countenance, expreſſive of horrid miſchief, correſponded with his maſter's.—Scarce knowing what I ſaid, I cried,

"You will not kill me, Campobaſſo!"

"No, traitreſs! that would be impotent "revenge—To die were mercy, and that "I know not. Live to feel thy puniſh-"ment—to meaſure time but by its "wearineſs, and compute thy life by hard-"ſhips."

"Alas!"—ſaid I fearfully—"What "mean you?"

"Vengeance—Think'ſt thou I am in-"deed that fool—that eaſy dupe—that "very huſband, thy arts would make me? "Did I not tell thee I was an Italian?—"Should not that have taught thee to ex-"pect revenge?"

" Ah God!"—cried I in a wild tone,
" Has thy judgment ſlept ſo long to over-
" whelm me now with accumulated weight?
" —Thou canſt not, oh! ſurely, Campo-
" baſſo! thou canſt not mean it.—See
" that little angel---that ſacred pledge for
" my fidelity. Can ſhe not ſoften thee to
" her repentant mother? have not my
" tears of penitence obliterated my of-
" fence? can it be poſſible I ſhould have
" ſinned beyond forgiveneſs?"

" Waſte not thy breath in uſeleſs re-
" monſtrance—my enmity ſlept, but was
" not forgotten. I meant to puniſh thee,
" but time was neceſſary to do it with
" ſafety to myſelf. Hadſt thou diſap-
" peared ſoon after I brought thee hither,
" the Duke would have formed ſuſpicions
" of the truth: but now, the rumour of
" thy death will meet eaſy belief, and the
" cauſe of it admitted as the conſequence
" of child-bed."

" 'Tis in vain, indeed," I ſaid, " to
" oppoſe a ſcheme ſo deep---ſo black---

" but

" but allow me in humanity one conſola-
" tion—Have pity on the innocence of thy
" child. Promiſe me to protect and che-
" riſh her, and not extend thy hatred of
" the mother to her unoffending infant."

" No," cried he—exulting in the tor-
ment he impoſed—" No --- The heir of
" Montargis ſhall be cruſhed, even to the
" duſt, and though this feeble branch re-
" mains, obſcurity ſhall hide its growth.
" Take her," he ſaid to his valet, point-
ing to thee, dear child, unconſcious of ca-
lamity---" Take her to thy wife---Frame
" what tale you pleaſe; but never let her
" claim or know a higher origin than thy
" own."

" Oh my father!" I ſighed out: " Does
" not the idea of Comerci --- thy friend,
" forbid this ſtretch of barbarity to his
" deſcendants?"

" Know," he replied --" I deteſt thy
" father. 'Tis true, I roſe to my pre-
" ſent poſt and rank by the efforts of my
" own genius, and an Italian wanderer,

" derived no adventitious merit, from a " long line of mouldering duſt—Once en- " nobled by high-ſounding titles, Comerci " reflected on my want of anceſtry, and " the opprobrious term of vagabond ac- " companied the taunt. But his caſtles, " all his poſſeſſions ſhall be mine, and " his heirs, though living —— dead to " them."

" Obliged to riſe from my bed, and throw on ſome ſort of covering, I was led from my chamber—nor ſuffered once to preſs thee to my boſom, or ſupplicate a bleſſing for thee. I was placed in a litter, and at day-break found myſelf far in the foreſt of Roſſignol. Then we ſtopped, and the Count and his agent entered what appeared to be an impenetrable thicket. Clearing away ſome looſe furze, they came to the mouth of a cavern, and thither they called me. I followed them down innumerable ſteps and various windings to the bottom, where was one large cavity, hollowed from a rock of flint---a mean truckle-bed and miſerable

miſerable matraſs lay in one corner, and a ſhelf with an earthen cup, and other neceſſary utenſils, in another; a pile of faggots filled one half of it, and a lamp hung from the roof lighted it.---Never was it cheered by the fainteſt gleam of nature's common bleſſing, light; nor did one ray of the all penetrating ſun pierce through the diſmal gloom---A ſpring-well bubbled up on one ſide, and that noiſe was the only ſound which met my ear, except when exhauſted patience, or worn-out miſery, wrung from me a deep groan, which, fearfully reverberated by loud echoes, ſtartled my ſenſes.

"A large bag of biſcuit, and a jar of dried fruits, were now ſhewn me, and I was told ere they were conſumed I ſhould receive a freſh ſupply.---He added, I was now in my tomb; and that death itſelf would not deliver my body from it---with theſe aſſurances I was left to myſelf.

"Wretchedneſs ſo complicated, ſo extreme as mine, cannot be deſcribed---Language

guage would fail in conveying but an idea of it---I find myſelf at leaſt unequal to the attempt. The complaints of Job oft fell in ſentences from my lips---And I have in the words of his wounded mind, cried out,

"Oh that my grief was thoroughly "weighed, and my calamity laid in the "balance together---I ſhall return no "more to my houſe; neither ſhall my "place know me any more.---When "I ſay, my bed ſhall comfort me, and "my couch ſhall eaſe my complaint, then "thou ſcareſt me with dreams, and terri-"fieſt me with viſions."

"I have ſinned—What ſhall I do unto "thee, oh thou Preſerver of Men—My "ſoul is weary of life—I will ſpeak in its "bitterneſs—I will ſay unto God, Do not "condemn me—Is it good unto thee, "that thou ſhouldſt oppreſs—that thou "ſhouldſt deſpiſe the work of thine hand, "and ſhine upon the counſel of the "wicked?"

"Yet---

"Yet — Can I by ſearching find out "God? Can I find out the Almighty un- "to perfection?"—Thus I calmed my ſoul, and long, long indeed after my firſt abode in this living monument—after I had paid my oriſons at the throne of mercy, —— a ſudden hope viſited my heart. The new, the ſweet ſenſation gently agitated it, and with a raiſed mind I cried again with the ſufferer in ſcripture,

"I may yet forget my miſery—or re- "member it as waters which glide a- "way."

"That hope was not a deceitful one, the cavern reſounded with the haſty ſteps of one deſcending. Wondering, I turned— when—ſtill does my heart throb with the ſtrange emotion — I beheld before me that form which had brought on all my ſuf- ferings—"Bayard!" — I exclaimed, and ſunk into inſenſibility. — My reaſon ſuſ- tained a rude ſhock; and nearly over- thrown, returned not perfectly for ſome days,

days. Sometimes a confuſed idea of the paſt would enlighten my mind—Bayard would appear to my view as one of thoſe flitting forms fancy ſtarts from, and a little child he would preſent to my arms, ſeemed the cherub-meſſenger of joy, from its native Heaven --- But what that joy---or what my ſtate---nay, my own exiſtence, I could not aſcertain. My endeavours but bewildered me, and repelled each return of recollection. Suddenly I obſerved a female figure kneeling before me --- Her arms claſped my waiſt---her head reſted on my boſom---her ſobs audible fixed my attention, and my ear at laſt received her repeated calls.

" Rouſe thee, oh! my Charlotte, to the " joy of friendſhip: beloved, ſuffering Co- " merci, ſhake off this laſſitude of ſoul— " Has thy heart forgot to bound on being " preſſed to that of Louiſe? Has her voice " no power over it?"

"Magical were its powers—they reſtored me to myſelf --- to claims, dear and lamented---

mented---I ſaw at once my Louiſe and Bayard hanging with fond attention over me. My full heart was relieved by torrents of tears ſeemingly exhauſted.--- I preſſed them both with great affection to my breaſt, and praiſing the mercy of Heaven for my deliverance, begged them to tell me how Bayard became the means of effecting it.

I learned "that Campobaſſo had ſpread the rumour of my death, and the domeſtics of the caſtle were either ignorant of the truth, or bribed to ſecrecy --- A pompous funeral was given my pretended remains. The Count affected to be inconſolable, and unable to bear Roſſignol, a ſcene my idea rendered painful to him---He travelled into Burgundy, leaving behind that valet I have mentioned, whoſe care it was to ſupply my dungeon with neceſſaries. The Duke and my father were eaſily impoſed on; indeed the latter had only regretted I left no heir to his ample poſſeſſions, and that a name antient and noble as

any

any in the realm, muſt ſink into oblivion.

"Campobaſſo's ambition ſhortly raiſed his preſumptuous eyes to the daughter of his maſter and benefactor; by the arts of inſinuation he won the confidence of the Princeſs Mary, who after the death of the Duke her father, filled all Europe with diſquiet: he aimed at that hand for which monarchs contended, and which at laſt became the reward of the perſeverance of Maximilian, Arch-duke of Auſtria.

"The Duke by accident diſcovered the daring views of his favorite, and partiality of his daughter---Not maſter of himſelf, he gave the Count a blow---but preſently recollecting himſelf, and ſorry for the raſhneſs, he, after forbidding any future attempt to practiſe on the youth and eaſineſs of the Princeſs, confirmed him in his command of that battalion, which was to march next day to the ſiege of Nancy, and the Duke followed with the reſt of his army---Campobaſſo was, as you have ſeen, diabo-

diabolically revengeful. He ſtill felt the blow---and ſecretly intrigued with the Duke of Lorrain, who commanded againſt the Duke of Burgundy, and at laſt went over with his regiment to the enemy---A deciſive battle enſued, and the brave Charles Duke of Burgundy, ſurnamed the Raſh, did not ſurvive the defeat of his troops---but fell covered with wounds at their head.

"Bayard was in the Duke of Lorrain's army; one of Campobaſſo's Secretaries, whom he had entruſted with the ſecret, fell near the Chevalier, who humane as valorous ſtooped to aſſiſt him.

"I am dying,"---cried the man---"and "the concealment of one deviliſh circum- "ſtance preſſes on my ſoul. The Coun- "teſs Campobaſſo, and her infant daugh- "ter, yet live, impriſoned by their aban- "doned huſband and father---Death is "too near me to allow particulars, but "the preſent keeper of the Caſtle De La "Roſſignol, is in poſſeſſion of the ſecret."

Judge

"Judge of the ſurpriſe of Bayard at this ſtrange intelligence.---He had mourned me as dead. He had become acquainted with the Counteſs D'Angouleme, about the time of my ſuppoſed deceaſe, and an intimacy enſued, when each diſcovered the light I had ſtood in to both---Soon as the duty of arms permitted, he flew to the Counteſs, communicated the wonderful diſcovery, and ſhe, attentive to my honour, readily agreed to accompany him to Roſſignol.

"They ſummoned the valet, and making as if Campobaſſo had been ſlain, and had ere he died divulged the ſecret, he without any difficulty ſhewed them to the cavern, and unlocked it---Louiſe trembling ſtaid at the entrance of it --- and Bayard ſuddenly preſenting himſelf before me, had given ſo ſudden a tranſition to my fate as overpowered my ſenſes, unequal to the conflict of my mind. --- He bore me to the air, and I was conveyed to Roſſignol---They then diſpatched the valet for thee---He delivered up to them my

my wardrobe, and numerous jewels, which had been left in his care, together with papers of the utmoſt conſequence to thee. ---He had no ſooner done ſo, than, myſterious Heaven! he died of a fit of apoplexy.

"The names or perſons of myſelf and my deliverers were unknown to every other of the Caſtle.—All the ſervants who had lived there in my days, had given place to others.—We paſſed for travellers, who had reſted a night in the Caſtle, and thus Campobaſſo loſt every clew to my eſcape, or the means of it.

"I was now, I found, with thee—my treaſure, my bleſſing, ſafe in the Caſtle of Louiſe.

"And where," ſaid I, "is my preci-
"ous Eudocia?"

"Louiſe ſtepped to another apartment, and led thee, dreſſed with the niceſt care, to where I ſat.—Thou hadſt juſt paſſed thy ſecond year—and as I preſſed thee with unutterable fondneſs to my breaſt—I acknowledged

knowledged every former affliction receiv-ed its compenſation in the bliſs of that moment.

"But my father," ſaid I, turning to Bayard, "my deliverer, my preſerver, "complete my ſatisfaction by telling me "he has eſcaped the malice of Campo-"baſſo."

"He has, my Charlotte — grieve not "for what I muſt tell thee—he fell in the "general ſlaughter of the Burgundian "troops."

"Spite of his ſeverity—nature aſſerted her rights, and claimed the tribute of my tears to the manes of my ſire — and it was paid.

"What courſe was I now to ſteer in a world I ſeemed born into anew! To live with Louiſe, I ſhould be known, and, per-haps, fall again into the ſnares of my tyrant, who now bore ſome ſway in Lorrain's army. 'Tis true my unheard of ſufferings might well have juſtified me in claiming my Sovereign's protection againſt him — but that

that protection could not enſure me from his ſtratagems, or treacherous toils — could not ſecure to me my child. And big drops of terror burſt from every pore, at the bare idea of falling again into his power, or beholding thee in it.

"To ſeek ſome far diſtant ſolitude, and there watch over thee, thou precious wreck of my once fair poſſeſſions, ſeemed my only alternative. Miſery, that ſevere moniteſs, had ſubdued every wild fancy — every giddy wiſh in my mind. Dead to the allurements of wealth, and deceitful ſplendour— convinced too of their fallacy, I ſought them not — wiſhed them not, for thee. "Enough," ſaid I, "if I can guide "her through the path of innocence, to "the vale of modeſt, unaſſuming content." But how to accompliſh my purpoſe — Louiſe will remonſtrate—Bayard will murmur—The latter, it is for my honour, my peace, ſhould be a ſtranger to my retreat —he will not be ſo if Louiſe is acquainted with it. Doubly now endeared to me,

I dare

I dare not reflect on the chains which bind my heart to his.——Heaven divides us—and ſhall be obeyed. This proof—this painful proof I'll give of acquieſcence to its decree—humbly bow to its chaſtening hand—receive the puniſhment of paſt errors—and gratefully now for its remittance fly, leſt I relapſe.

"Let me dwell on the ſorrow this reſolution coſt me. When I reflect on the ſtruggle of rebel paſſion, and the triumph of reaſon, my ſoul ſwells with delightful exultation. I accompliſhed my purpoſe—yes! my Eudocia—with thy little hand incloſed in mine, I had fortitude to quit that roof which held Bayard and Louiſe—leaving only a few lines which conveyed (if they ſpoke with half the tenderneſs which guided my pen) ſentiments not to be conceived, not to be felt—but by hearts, awakened, touched, oppreſſed, relieved as mine had been. I had conveyed the property I had recovered at different times, from my apartment to the

houſe

houſe of a friend of Alice, who was one of the attendants the Counteſs appointed me, and has ever ſince faithfully followed my fortunes. She was a native of Suzy vale, and her deſcription of it pointed it out as the ſolitude I ſighed for—I was not deceived in my conjecture—I could there have lived in tranquillity, and died in peace. Part of my diamonds, which were of immenſe value, I diſpoſed of for our maintenance. The reſt I have brought hither with me.

"But alas! Bayard, friend, brother, "preſerver of my life !---Thou art no "more !—He fell, my Eudocia, in the "battle of Guinegate.—Bleſſed be thy "ſoul, thou chief of men !—Thou moſt "renowned among heroes !—Thy ſword "was the ſpirit of the battle !—and the "guard of the defenceleſs."

"You mark a difference in my air, and that of the Counteſs; hers has not been tutored by ſorrow—proſperity has been the attendant of her ſteps. Happy in herſelf,

from not having experienced ſuch, ſhe is not ſo affected by the calamities of others. Early a widow, that circumſtance diſturbed not her happineſs; indifferent to her huſband, it rather confirmed it, by putting her without control in full poſſeſſion of power, wealth, and liberty. The late Queen, (jealous of the homage her beauty and talents procured her, as well as her having been wedded to the next heir to the crown, and being now mother to the apparent one) it was true, offered her repeated ſlights; diſguſted at them ſhe retired to the caſtle of Cognac. She had no reaſon to regret it—Cognac ſhortly rivalled Anne's court, and became the reſort of all ſuch as were diſtinguiſhed by genius, taſte, and elegance. From my obſervation it appears, unchecked ease and affluence have made her a little forgetful of herſelf, and thoſe duties, ſhe once diſcharged with ſtrict propriety.—Francis, Count d'Angouleme, her ſon's education was directed and ſuperintend

by herſelf; and report ſpeaks him unqueſtionably one of the fineſt gentlemen of his age.

"And Campobaſſo," ſaid Eudocia, "my ſoul refuſes to call him father---"what of him?"

"He lives, my child. But I truſt, ſhould "we even meet, years will veil me in ſe-"cure diſguiſe."———

"And my unruly wiſhes," cried Eudocia, "have yet renewed the poſſibility "of his diſcovering you. Ah! we will "return, my mother, to Suzy's peaceful "vale: I no longer like a world where "ſuch ills, ſuch unthought of evils, "choke every paſſage, lurk in every "turn."

"'Tis not always the world, my daugh-"ter, but oft ourſelves who inflict our "trials. In the world we are indeed "more expoſed to ſuch, but the yielding "to, or conquering them, depends ſolely "on our own will---the exertion pains "us, and we refuſe to make it."

Eudocia reflected on the eventful tale she had liſtened to, and thought herſelf the heireſs of misfortunes.

* * * * *

Many days had ſucceeded that which promiſed the return of the Counteſs, when one night a courier arrived, to order the intendant of the caſtle to prepare it for the reception of the bridal cavalcade, who were to reſt there a day and night, on their way from Abbeville to the court. The Counteſs wrote to Madam Valere (ſo we will ſtile her), requeſting ſhe would meet them as hoſteſs, at the caſtle-gate, with Eudocia dreſſed to the beſt advantage. "Excuſe the appa-
"rent caprice of the requeſt," added Louiſe, "but neglect nothing which may
"ſet off her charms, or improve thoſe
"graces nature has laviſhly endowed her
"with. Sumptuouſneſs of habit our
"eyes are accuſtomed to—let hers be
"refined

"refined, elegant, and ſomewhat ſingu-
" lar. Let it in ſhort be ſuitable to the
" little ſyren wearer."

" Strange caprice indeed," ſaid Madam Valere, " but it ſhall be indulged."

The day arrived, and Eudocia, when ſhe left her toilette, promiſed to exceed the moſt ſanguine wiſhes of the Counteſs. Her hair was faſtened back from her forehead by a wreath of roſes, formed by diamonds—while a few ringlets wantoning, gave a ſofter turn to her features; a plume of white feathers, yielding to the breeze, added grace to her form; her robe ſhewed its fine turns to the beſt advantage, and of a ſilver, yet light texture, ſparkled in the rays of the ſun. —She looked and moved a celeſtial being; yet not of that kind as to excite rather awe, than tenderneſs; every geſture winningly harmonized, captivated the attention—every tone ſunk to the ſoul—every look agitated it. Had ſhe been met by a Muſſulman, he would have thought he had entered the Pro-

phet's paradiſe, and have done her homage, as the Houri he had himſelf ſelected from all others.

And now the proceſſion came in view. The guards and martial muſic firſt advanced—and lining the avenues, reſted on their arms—then turning from warlike to ſofter inſtruments, fell into ſofter, tenderer meaſures. The heralds next appeared—followed by uſhers—theſe by nobles. And now a high triumphal chariot, filled by Lewis, yet of a grand ſuperior aſpect—and his beauteous Queen juſt in the bloom of ſixteen.—The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk—of Montpenſier and Bourbon, rode on each ſide of the chariot. Now came the Queen's ladies, and Anna Boleyne's matchleſs charms ſoon marked her as chief of them—a look of delighted intelligence was conveyed from her to Eudocia. Laſt, after the Princeſſes Claude and Rene, the Lady Margaret, and their ſuites, came the Counteſs, eſcorted by her ſon the Count d' Angouleme.

Lewis,

Lewis, as he led in his conſort, ſpoke graciouſly to Madam Valere, and regarding Eudocia a minute, ſaid, "I have "heard Cognac was the ſcene of en- "chantment—the palace of delight, and "here is ſure the Genius of it."

Angoulême advancing, heard the exclamation repeated by ſome Lords: he looked—ſtopped alſo—and forgetful of his uſual politeneſs, gazed with diſtreſſing earneſtneſs. Eudocia's cheek mantling with bluſhes, and her eye fallen under his, reminded him of his error. He turned to his mother with a diſturbed air.—

"Nay, where are you retreating?" ſhe ſaid gaily; "it is even now too late;"—alluding to the appointed hour for the entertainment being paſt.

"I fear it is indeed," replied the Count; "nay, I have already loſt the "wiſh of doing ſo. I will look once "more, though I rivet the chains I ſee "entwining for me."

Louiſe embraced Madam Valere, and with pleaſed admiration in her eye, kiſſed the cheek of Eudocia.

After a ſplendid repaſt, they retired to the ball-room. The Monarch and his conſort were ſeated under a rich canopy, raiſed for the occaſion: the Queen's ladies ranged on each ſide, attracted thither the young nobles. The King chatted affably to many—the queen ſmiled graciouſly too — but it was evident her thoughts were confined to the enamoured Suffolk, who, leaning on the back of her chair, entertained her. Had language been forbidden them, their eyes would have conveyed to each other the aſſurance of excluſive preference. The King ſometimes joined in their converſation; but rather as if to ſhew the court he approved, than wiſhed to interrupt it.

'Tis true Brandon juſtified the regards with which Mary beheld him. Of exalted merit, his form would have been the perfection of manly beauty, had not Angou-

Angouleme's proved it was poſſible it ſhould be excelled.

But few indeed could any way vie with Angouleme. Had he been left to his own culture, ſuperior pride, impatience, and intrepid hardineſs, would have been the ſtrongeſt features of his ſoul; but though ſome of the qualities which form the ground-work of a great character, they could never have rendered him an amiable one—But his mother made him her care. An acquired, and now habitual complaiſance and tutored deference, curbed his ſpirit, and regulated its wild ſallies into a graceful equality of conduct; he now wore a brow of majeſty, free from haughtineſs; elegance to which all muſt yield ſuperiority, and affability to leſſen the pain of ſuch a conviction to his companions, yet loſing nothing of his pre-eminence by his condeſcenſion.

During a concert of exquiſite muſic—Eudocia ſtood by the chair of the Counteſs—perhaps ſhe was the magnet which

drew the Count alſo thither. He converſed with his mother, and both drew Eudocia on inſenſibly to ſpeak alſo.—Forgetful of the evils, ſhe, from her mother's ſtory, ſuppoſed particularly ſtrewed in a court—ſhe thought it the completion of bliſs—the firſt, beſt, moſt deſirable good. She ſaw herſelf diſtinguiſhed—and her heart exulted with pardonable vanity in the power of her charms, and the admiration they received—ſhe ſeemed to have caught a ſpark of the ſpirit of Louiſe—yet a native modeſty, and peculiarity of manner, gave them an air of novelty, ſurpaſſing the ſtudied, practiſed demeanour of the court-beauties.

Eudocia at length quitted her poſt, and walked over to Madam Valere—Angouleme followed her with his eyes.

"Inimitable creature!" he exclaimed; "ah, Madam! who is this young beauty? "and where has ſo much elegance been "hitherto concealed?"

The Counteſs could ſcarce hide her ſatis-

ſatisfaction at this language of her ſon, and well acquainted with the human heart, knew a little myſtery and a few perplexities enlivened its purſuits.

"She is," ſaid Louiſe, "under my "protection—of noble birth; circumſtan- "ces now obſcure it by a veil, not yet to "be removed."

"But where educated?—Where could "ſhe receive thoſe graces we falſely ſup- "poſe a court only can beſtow?"

"She was,"—returned Louiſe, ſmiling —"ſhe was reared by the graces, in a "remote valley called Suzy—Nay, the "muſes too ſmiled on her—and all have "conſpired to make her amends by their "favours for the frowns of fortune."

And why, it may be aſked, why ſhould the Counteſs ſeek to augment the prepoſſeſſion of her ſon—himſelf married—the object unattainable?

I have ſaid Louiſe was ambitious—She was diſcerning and politic too—On the arrival of the young Queen, ſhe ſaw An-

gouleme touched by her beauties. 'Tis true ſhe was ſaid already to have beſtowed her heart—but Louiſe well knew ſhe had beſtowed her own more than once, revoked the gift, and beſtowed it again—Angouleme was not born to be an unſucceſsful lover, and to reſiſt his ſuit required more reſolute virtue, than the Counteſs found in her own breaſt, or aſcribed to that of the young Queen.—Angouleme was now next heir to the crown.—But ſhould this conſort of it bring a ſon?—It was poſſible the thoughtleſs Count might be the means of his own excluſion. To argue with him would be vain—his ambitious ſoul aſpired to empire; but barely twenty, he was yet more ſuſceptible to the allurements of beauty. To counteract then her influence ſeemed the moſt effectual method, and ſhe reſolved to oppoſe paſſion to paſſion.—He was piqued at the preference he ſaw the Queen yielded to Brandon. 'Twas ſo much in favour of the Counteſs's view—She rejoiced

joiced that Eudocia had never yet been ſeen by him, as the powerful charm of novelty would be added to every other—Pleaſed with the ſucceſs of her plan, Louiſe ſought to confirm the viſible impreſſion, yet to appear ignorant of it, and caſually add incitements, or make thoſe little difficulties which do not deter by ſeeming inſurmountable, yet keep apprehenſion awake, nor ſuffer drowſy ſecurity to deaden the flame.

The hours borne rapidly by on pleaſure's painted wing, had almoſt brought in morning before any one thought of ſleep—The royal pair at length retired, and the company ſoon followed—Eudocia now unreſtrained by ceremonials, flew to the chamber of Anna Boleyne. — It was next the Queen's, who herſelf ordered none ſhould ſhare it. As this was obſerved ever ſince her arrival in France, it ceaſed to appear capricious—a tap brought Anna to the door, and the voice of Eudocia made it fly quickly open.—A thouſand

thouſand mutual congratulations enſued at this re-union, and the tranſition from Suzy vale to the ſuperb roof of Louiſe--- "Retire now," ſaid Anna, as theſe concluded--- "The Queen is by this time "undreſſed, and I muſt attend her---but "meet me on the terrace in the morning, "and I will tell you many things deſerving "your ear."

Eudocia was punctual to appointment, and Anna was not dilatory—"Tell me, "my friend," cried the former, "all "that has befallen you ſince we parted, "and you became fixed in the train of "our Queen—I do not comprehend the "behaviour of the King to her and Suffolk "—Fame loudly ſpeaks her devoted to the "Duke, yet did you obſerve his Majeſty's "complacency to both?—He is ſurely in "his dotage."—Anna ſmiled.

"Thus it is,"—ſhe ſaid—"We cenſure what we do not comprehend. Illuſtrious Lewis! Father of thy people!—

Friend

Friend of mankind!—Hear, my Eudocia, and reverence him.

"The projected alliance between your King and ours, haſtened my father's return to England. Scarce arrived there, he was ſummoned to court; the Princeſs was ſetting out under the care of my uncle Norfolk, by whoſe means I was placed about her—I was unknown to Mary, but not to her lover—Brandon and Harry Piercy are the ſtricteſt friends.

"But who is Harry Piercy,"—aſked Eudocia.

Anna bluſhed — ſtopped —heſitated— at laſt, "Why ſhould I conceal it?—England boaſts not a fairer name. He is the chief of our youth, the pride of his houſe, and ornament of his country — He is to my heart, Eudocia, what Theodore is to yours."

"Theodore to mine!"—repeated Eudocia, and bluſhed in turn: a riſing ſigh whiſpered her that perfect happineſs is indeed ideal—She hemmed it away—"Well,

"no

" no matter—go on, tell me all of this " Piercy,"

" Little more is to be told—I knew him as ſoon as I knew myſelf, and thought that day unlucky which gave him not to my view—a votary of love, ere I knew its name. I firſt learned both from him; when I came to France I could ſcarcely be ſaid to be divided from him, ſo fixed was his form, his truth, and merit, in my heart. He firſt welcomed me to my native ſhore, and my ſoul with delight admitted his claims, and confeſſed his power —True to its firſt attachment, it now ratified its vows to the blooming youth, who already fulfilled the fair promiſe of his earlier years.

" My connection with Piercy, and his with Suffolk, enſured me a favourable reception from my Royal Miſtreſs. Sympathy of ſoul and taſtes ſoon procured me a ſtronger intereſt with her, and into my boſom ſhe ſhed thoſe tears—to my ear ſhe breathed thoſe ſighs, the ills attending her exalted ſtation

ſtation were the ſource of. Never! no never! ſhall I forget her wild impaſſioned geſtures as the anchor was drawn up, which was our laſt ſtay to the Engliſh ſhore---blind mortals as we are! Who that ſaw the gaudy veſſel decked by the laviſh hand of magnificence—the large and ſplendid train, which ſeemed to wait her nod---the ſilken downy ſopha which received her delicate form, or that form ſo richly attired, ſo profuſely adorned—who would have ſuppoſed them but the maſk of wretchedneſs---the gilding of bitterneſs and anguiſh?

" The Queen deſcended to her cabin, when the land quite diſappeared, permitting me only to follow her to it, and ſhutting the door, ſhe ſunk on her bed.

" Now---now, gentle Anna, do I feel, " ah! how keenly feel, my ſorrows are but " begun. Adieu! fair England,---adieu " to hope, to love and thee, even thee, " my Suffolk---Fain would I forget thee " ---but my good angel ſure forſakes me,

" or

" or unmindful of its charge, abandons " me to this unhappy paſſion: ſpite of " virtue, ſpite of myſelf, it remains un- " ſubdued, and I feel it interwoven with " my exiſtence, blended with my fate."

" Suffolk's cabin was next to ours. We heard a deep ſigh iſſue thence, and turning to it, ſaw him lying on the floor.

" Behold," ſaid Mary, " behold the " aggravation of my ſad deſtiny. Dear, " unhappy youth! how many afflictive " pangs do thy ſufferings add to mine? " Why wert thou cruelly appointed to " ſwell my train? There needed not that " augmentation of miſery. Oh, Henry! " faithleſs Henry! ſleepeſt thou in peace? " Does not thy heart remonſtrate, and " bring to memory thy violated oaths; " does it not ſuggeſt the wrongs of Suf- " folk, and thy ſiſter's woe?"

" And then the mute, yet ſpeaking agony of the noble Suffolk, at the deciſive ceremony which for ever divided Mary from his arms. The court were at

at Abbeville, ere we arrived there; and the new Queen was received with loud acclamations of joy. The awful vow was ſoon repeated. Fear and ſtruggling propriety ſomewhat ſupported the lovely bride; yet an expreſſion of mental abſence and diſtreſs overſpread her countenance. Lewis examined it as if deſirous to penetrate the cauſe; an accident half revealed it; juſt as the biſhop pronounced the nuptial benediction, a deep groan eſcaped the unhappy Suffolk. No longer maſter of himſelf, he reeled back overcome by ſorrow, and was caught in the arms of the Duke of Norfolk. Ah! who could refuſe to compaſſionate the ills which thus ſubdued a mind, courageous even to temerity? This, and his face ſpread over by a death-like hue, was noticed by the King. In vain Suffolk pleaded ſudden pain and illneſs: 'twas obvious to Lewis, the pain, the malady lay in his heart; and he ſurmiſed, by the trembling of the hand he held, his Queen too quickly ſym-

ſympathized in the emotions of young Brandon—He looked to her face, the roſe and lily, contending for empire there, by turns poſſeſſed it—a tear not to be repreſſed, ſtole ſilently down her cheek.

" Be compoſed, my queen," whiſpered the King; " ſuch alleviation to thy fate " as Lewis can afford, aſſure thyſelf is " thine. Let not thy youth ſhrink from " the hand of age; it ſhall ſupport, aſſiſt, " and guide thee."

" He ſoon made an opportunity of ſpeaking with her alone—dubious as to what he had ſaid, ſhe felt abaſhed.

" But ſoon the royal Lewis diſpelled her fears, and new-born, lively gratitude roſe up in their place.

" As yet, my Queen, you view me with " diſtruſt—but know me acquainted with " your ſecret — and having experienced " ſuch, a ſharer in your ſorrows." He ſpoke of his own ſtory; then of hers—artleſsly ſhe avowed it.

" I forget not, in the frigid age of " Lewis,"

" Lewis," he ſaid, " the feeling which diſ-
" tracted the unfortunate, enamoured Or-
" leans. Such pangs as overcame your
" Suffolk, accompanied my heart into
" the tower of Bourges; and with thy
" regrets did my ſainted Anne bewail my
" captivity, and become a Queen.—And
" does not thy gentle ſpirit," cried he,
apoſtrophizing to it, " does it not, oh my
" Anne, rebuke this new engagement,
" and look indignant on an union, ſo ill
" befitting our long, our faithful affec-
" tion; does it not upbraid my age with
" unſeemly paſſions; or, looking into my
" ſoul, doſt thou rather read the motives
" of its compliance; ſee it yielding to it
" as the means of peace, the welfare of
" my people? Never, oh! never, firſt
" of women, beſt of wives, ſoother of
" my cares, diſpenſer of my joys—never
" did my heart own a deſire uninſpired
" by thee; or ſince thou wert torn from
" my arms, know a thought of conſo-
" lation."

" He

"He turned again to the Queen, and taking her hand, "Baniſh all thy fears, my "daughter; I claim no other ſentiments "from thee than befit that name; ſhare "my wealth, my throne, receive my "friendſhip, and give me thy confidence; "I will be thy guardian and admirer; I "will ſpeak to thee of Suffolk, and thou "ſhalt give a tear to my regrets.—But "for a time—but for a time, my daugh-"ter, will either grieve; a few years, "perhaps months, will join me to her; "mourn, and reſtore you to liberty and "Suffolk."

"Far, far diſtant be that event," ſaid Mary, touched by his conduct, and claſping his knees, whilſt ſhe threw herſelf on hers.

"Oh, Sir! believe theſe grateful tears "which choke all other acknowledg-"ment;—believe my heart, oppreſſed by "goodneſs unhoped, unthought of. Oh "royal Lewis! long! long mayſt thou "live—to behold in my watchful care

"and

" and ready obedience, the effects of your " indulgence; and hear me own my aim " to ſoften your afflictions, richly over- " paid, if I ſhould boaſt having dried one " tear, arreſted one ſigh."

" Lewis raiſed her—" I do believe them, " amiable Mary, and think myſelf their " debtor; but the multitude ſee not with " our eyes, know not feelings like ours; " nor is it neceſſary they ſhould be our " confidants. I ſhall find many hours of " the day beguiled in thy apartment; " thy women at night ſhall attend thee to " mine; but, they diſmiſſed, ſhare that of " any of them you may beſt rely on, till " we reach our palace; there the ſuits of " rooms run one into another, where thou " ſhalt be accommodated more befitting " thy ſtation and conveniency."

" Mary kiſſed his hand, and her relieved heart flew to unboſom itſelf to mine: her orders were then iſſued as to my chamber, and ſhe ſhares it. Soon I ſought her Duke—judge of his feelings. The King him-

himſelf afterwards ſpoke to him on the ſubject; and has aſſured him he will influence his ſucceſſor to favour his views, at his deceaſe? What ſayſt thou now, Eudocia, to Lewis?"

"That I would go a weary pilgrimage "to reverence his ſhrine. I wondered, "indeed, a character exalted as his, ſhould, "as report ſaid, degenerate into unſuitable fondneſs and diſguſtful dotage, "and forgetful of a Queen who through "life influenced his, ere ſhe was one "year dead, receive another to his "heart."

The terrace now filled with courtiers; and Anna Boleyne was warned by them to her attendance on the Queen. Eudocia went to the apartment of her mother; ſhe met the Counteſs juſt going to it alſo. Louiſe requeſted that Madam Valere and Eudocia would accompany her to the court, whither ſhe was that day obliged to attend her gueſt. Madam Valere refuſed for herſelf, but readily agreed to entruſt Eu-

docia

docia to the care of her friend—who wept at this first separation, and could scarce be consoled by the urged shortness of the absence.

* * * * *

Whilst Eudocia was at court, some letters were conveyed to her from Theodore. Her answer to one of them, and another of his in consequence of that, will best speak for themselves.

LETTER.

HOW often must I chide thee, Theodore, for the tenor of thy letters? They breathe only suspicions injurious to thyself and me; doubts of my tenderness, of my truth. What hast thou observed so defective in my principles, or my heart, to give rise to such distrust?

It is true I am removed many leagues from thy sight; that thou art in thy humble cottage in Suzy vale; and that I am

loaded by the incumbrance of a court-dreſs, and breathe under a ſuperb dome. And what then, my Theodore?—"The "gay lords of that court"—truſt me, my friend, my conſtancy is not ſo ſeverely tried by them—is not ſo endangered as thine, from the wild, but faſcinating graces of the maids of Suzy; their blooming features; their enchanting movement in the dance; their ſyren voices, modulated by harmony and genuine taſte, accompanying the dulcet ſounds of their lutes. How ſay you, Theodore? Is your heart leſs aſſaulted by theſe, than mine by an embroidered dreſs, court mummery and etiquette; an unmeaning jargon of general compliment, or inſtances of particular attachments, uſually moſt unjuſtifiable, with ſcarce any blending of ſentiment, ſave the name? It decorates indeed their language; but their hearts, their minds, own not its influence, obſerve not its dictates. Art thou not re-aſſured? Doſt thou now admit the faith of thy

EUDOCIA?

ANSWER.

I KNOW you, my beloved Eudocia, I know you too amiable to deceive me; but I fear, I dread, you may be ſelf-deceived.—You write to re-aſſure me, but you multiply my doubts.

Why did you paint to me the captivating powers of the Suzy maids? Muſt I not neceſſarily remember Eudocia ſurpaſſed—ah! how far ſurpaſſed thoſe maids?—Do I not know, to the wounding of my ſoul, all thoſe charms to be daily in the view of ſuch who beſt can feel, claim, can beſt deſerve them? Will the luxurious, youthful Angouleme; will he, the paſſionate ſlave of beauty, nay does he not adore its moſt perfect production? And then amidſt the young warriors, their celebrated victories dignifying every geſture, pleaſing the fancy, and juſtifying prepoſſeſſion!—No, no! Eudocia—you muſt feel—and I be wretched. The

humble, tender, unfortunate Theodore muſt ſink in your remembrance.—I'll tell thee what diſtracts me.

Emilius, page to the Princeſs Rene, has obtained leave to viſit his parents at Suzy. He ſought my friendſhip and obtained it. He has oft diverted my ſorrows, and pleaſed mine ear, by recounting the purſuits and diverſions of the Court of our gracious monarch, enlivened now by the preſence of his newly-eſpouſed Queen. But once attempting to lighten the diſcontent he ſaw, but could not comprehend, he poured poiſon, inſtead of balm, into my wounded boſom.

"There was a tournament," he began, "lately proclaimed by the darling of the "court, the delight of hearts, and the "hero our loveliеſt ladies ſigh for—the "magnificent, glorious Angouleme.—— "Many a fair boſom palpitated with the "hope of being the happy ſhe for whoſe "honour the tilt was announced—each "believed what ſhe wiſhed. The day "arrived—

" arrived—the lists were unusually de-
" corated—the heralds numerous—the
" combatants of the first rank, and their
" appearance suitable to their dignity.—
" The King and Queen were present, and
" the most illustrious dames. The Coun
" d' Angouleme appeared—and now every
" brilliant eye eagerly enquired his co-
" lours—his device—each, though mor-
" tified to find them not her own—yet
" exulted over some fair rival, that
" neither were hers chosen. But soon
" these consolations gave place to curio-
" sity, to know her to whom they really
" belonged. The emblem was a lily of
" the valley, entwining round a heart—
" under it the words—' Dearer to me
" than empire or life'—His colours were
" white and lilac. Here lay the wonder
" —those were only worn by the young
" lovely Eudocia; the favourite of his
" mother, the haughty Louise of Savoy
" —attractive it is true, and lavishly
" adorned by nature's choicest gifts—

" but in birth, in ſtation, not entitled to " ſuch diſtinction—yet it could be no " other.

" She, abaſhed by the obvious pre- " ference, modeſtly retreated, covered " with confuſed bluſhes, behind the ſeat of " her miſtreſs. But wonder on wonder—the " imperious Louiſe ſaw the triumph of " her favourite, and ſaw without diſplea- " ſure—nay, ſhe looked approbation-- " and encouraged by ſmiles and whiſpers " the fair enſlaver. Need I ſay the ſoar- " ing Angouleme was firſt in every trial " of valour—moſt graceful in attitude— " ſucceſsful in every effort? Cavaliers " who, ere he appeared, pranced proudly " eminent, at his approach fell back " eclipſed."

Eudocia, dare I but deſpair?—Beloved by Angouleme—oppoſed to his vows, to his ten thouſand graces, it is preſumption to place thoſe of a ſimple ſhepherd. Science, it is true, has ſmiled on me, but what is ſcience to the glittering, dazzling fame

and

and beauty of the Count—how poor—how inſufficient!—I will quit my humble ſtate; I will no longer abide in Suzy; I will fly to arms, and court renown; I will endeavour to deſerve thee. But turn thee! ah! turn thee, my Eudocia, from the too ſeducing, gallant Angouleme—Truſt not thyſelf, and wait my ſucceſs.—Adieu!—I ſee thee no more, write to thee no more—till I poſſeſs ſome worthier name than the ſhepherd

THEODORE.

" See me no more—write to me no " more!" cried Eudocia, burſting into tears; " cruel Theodore—wild determi- " nation—Arms—in arms thou wilt ſeek " renown—but alas! mayſt only meet an " early, an unknown grave; and I ſhall " be thy fate. Suzy, Suzy—aſylum of " my youth—ſcene of loſt happineſs, " why did I, lured by the calls of vanity,

" why did I abandon thy embowering
" ſhades; why barter the peace of inno-
" cence, for the ſigh of wearied diſſipa-
" pation? Oh! Theodore! would I had
" remained ſecure by thy ſide! And thy
" fond father, thy gentle mother; will ſhe
" not hate me as thy bane? I ſee the ami-
" able mourner hang penſive over the
" blaſted ſcene of tranquillity, and in idea
" following thy wandering footſteps. Ah!
" good Heaven, guide it to proſperity—or
" turn it back to its native vale!"

The amuſements of the court could not baniſh theſe reflections; and amidſt its gayeſt pleaſures, her fancy purſued the fugitive. Theodore's image ſtepped between Angouleme's and her eye; nor did the Count's varied ſports, his vigilance to pleaſe, plead with her half ſo forcibly, as the modeſt fears of her ſhepherd, and the remembrance of the days of ſimplicity. She with delight ſaw the preparations for Louiſe's return to Cognac; and her heart fluttering like a young bird, after its firſt

eſſay

eſſay on the air, flew back panting to the maternal wing. It need not be told Madam Valere's arms were eagerly extended to welcome the beloved tenant. She queſtioned her, how ſhe had paſſed thoſe days of ſeparation; then watched attentively her features of the Cavaliers. Eudocia heſitated not to acknowledge the adorations of Angouleme—and of ſome others—but declared herſelf unaffected by any.

"Angouleme," ſhe ſaid, "is not to "be thought of; to conſider, to parley, "would be hazardous. Conſcious of the "impoſſibility in every point of view, of "reconciling ſuch an attachment with vir-"tue or honour, I do not permit myſelf "to dwell upon his proteſtations—I regard "them as the illuſion of a dream—the "error of vanity, or the offspring of "caprice—too humble to lay claim to "his *heart*—too proud to be the object "of idle relaxation. But, Madam, there "is one who you may ſuppoſe is poſſeſſed "of ſome merit, to be diſtinguiſhed in a

" court where Angouleme and Suffolk " daily appear—He is nephew to your " heroic Bayard.—He is called Pierre du " Terraile, and is but lately returned from " England, where his ſire was a captive, " ſince that battle in which your Chevalier " fell; but neither his name nor renown will " be extinct, ſo long as the brave, inge- " nuous Pierre remains.—His career of " glory is juſt now begun, and bids fair to " equal that of his famed uncle."

" I ſhould like to behold this youth," ſaid Madam Valere.

Her wiſh was ſoon gratified—He came to Cognac, the meſſenger of an event all France juſtly lamented. Lewis the Twelfth, the brave, the magnanimous, merciful, the juſt, died, according to his own preſage, a few months after his marriage. The tears of his ſubjects formed his higheſt panegyric, and to his name is ſtill annexed the glorious title of Father of his People.

The

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The Count D'Angouleme, beloved by the nation, was perhaps the only one they would have allowed to be a fit ſucceſſor of Lewis. Scarcely twenty-one he became ſovereign of France, and hailed by it Francis the Firſt. The luſtre of his character, the politeneſs of his court, the greatneſs of the Princes who were his contemporaries, the emulation of all, and the great events this gave birth to, have placed the name of Francis in the records of all great ones; and though the ſuperior power, and more lucky genius of his rival Charles the Fifth prevailed,—yet all who ſtudy minutely the characters of both, who do not judge of actions by the event, who will allow for the very different ſituations in which fortune at times placed them, will ſeparate the ſplendour of ſucceſs from the merit of deſerving it—and more admire the animated, brave, liberal, candid Francis in his priſon, than

the wiſe, wary, cool, diſſembling, politic Charles, whoſe generals conquered.

Francis began his reign by an act of filial gratitude. He erected his Countſhip of Angouleme into a Duchy, and preſented it to his mother; giving her at the ſame time the appellation of Madame, a title never borne before by any female of the blood royal.———Next came the claims of friendſhip—Arthur De Gouffier was made Maſter of his Houſehold; Florimond De Robertat, his Secretary. The great poſts were either continued to thoſe who poſſeſſed them, or given where ſuperior abilities promiſed a better adminiſtration. He entered into treaties of friendſhip with all foreign powers, and in conformity to the dying injunction of Lewis, he ſaw the Queen Dowager, as ſoon as decency permitted, united to her faithful Suffolk. His beautiful, fickle favorite ſiſter, now forgetful of Robertat, noticed the Duke D'Alençon of royal blood. Francis approved, and giving

him

himſelf her envied hand, celebrated their nuptials with all ſuitable pomp.

The amiable Pierre du Terraile he honoured by a high poſt in the army; an army, his heart panting for military fame, determined ſhould not remain long inactive. He revived the old family claim upon Milan; and the errors of his predeceſſors he thought eaſily avoided. They knew to conquer, but not to keep. Francis flattered himſelf the glory of both was reſerved for him.

Impatient to begin his career, he neglected no meaſures to render it ſucceſsful. He raiſed ſupplies by every means he dared to venture on, and, appriſed of his mother's adequate abilities to the truſt, he appointed her Regent in his abſence; for he determined to carry on the war in perſon. Louiſe, now intoxicated with her elevation, and engroſſed by its duties, ſuffered Madam Valere to ſee plainly every day abating friendſhip. Eudocia no longer was the ſpirit, the idol of her parties.

The

The dreadful evil ſhe by her means ſought to avoid, no longer ſubſiſted, and Madame even became jealous of her power over Francis.

"Eudocia may preſume on his favour," ſhe ſaid, "and ſhould I then attempt to "humble her, ſhe will become my ene-"my: nor will all my arguments pre-"vail with the enſlaved King, as a ſmile "from the puppet I have ſet up. I will "remove her from the court."

But Francis, for once, outwitted his mother: love is quick ſighted, and he perceived Louiſe's brow contract with unuſual ſeverity, on every little omiſſion of the evidently waning favorite. He dreaded her total diſmiſſion, and contrived to have her appointed one of the Maids of Honour to his Queen.

Madam Valere, at length, ſaw Louiſe with the eyes of the public, and ſighed at the days that were gone.

"The world and giddy proſperity have "ſpoiled her," ſhe ſaid. "Yet though

"ſo

" ſo highly exalted, I pity thee, Louiſe. " Thy unreaſonable views, and unre- " ſtrained paſſions, poiſon all thy poſſeſ- " ſions; and thy ſoul ungratified, roves " reſtleſs, diſturbed, and ſelf-torment- " ed."—

And now the army deſtined for the invaſion of Milan was put in motion. Part of it Francis entruſted to the command of the Conſtable Bourbon; another to the Duke D'Alençon. He reſerved the main body for himſelf, and had under him the Dukes of Gueldres, Lorrain, and Savoy.

Full of fire and impetuoſity, the King entered the Queen's apartment to take leave.

" I go, madam," ſaid he, " attended " I know by your good prayers; auſ- " picious preſage of ſucceſs! Under their " influence victory will crown my arms, " and in gratitude I will deck thee, my " Queen, with my laurels."

" Your Majeſty is very good," — ſaid the

the mild Claude, ſmiling through her tears; "but they will better become your "brow—Formed for the retired ſhade "of private life, I am in truth an un-"fit mate for a warrior, and I muſt "ſhrink from a triumph I ſhould think "extravagantly purchaſed, by the riſque "of a life ſo dear to me as thine."

Francis tenderly preſſed the hand he had taken, and raiſing it to his lip—"I "do not deſerve thee," he whiſpered—"But bear with my errors—and believe, "however they may contradict the aſſer-"tion, I feel and revere thy virtues, and "my heart yields to them a willing ho-"mage."

A ſweetly feminine anſwer confirmed that eſteem. Hear this, ye wives—ſo much did her meekneſs win on Francis, that he checked the wiſh of taking a particular leave of Eudocia, and begging from her ſome parting token.

Claude, unable to ſee her King depart —roſe, and went into the royal nurſery.

Francis's

Francis's wandering eye at laſt fell on Eudocia—his heart vibrated as an eye-beam touched it, and inſenſibly impelled him a ſtep nearer to her ſeat—He ſtopped—"May I periſh if I will obey thee!"—he ſaid mentally. "This ſacrifice, my "dove-like Claude---this ſacrifice I of-"fer thee." Then aloud, and gracefully bending round to all the dames, "Re-"member me, I entreat, my fair ones, in "your oriſons: ſurely I merit the ſmiles "of Fame, by the richneſs of the ſacrifice "I make her, when, to purſue the flying "Goddeſs, I bring myſelf to quit the pre-"ſence of ſo many, whoſe favour if duly "weighed would out-balance hers."

Eudocia was not outwardly diſtinguiſh-ed from the reſt; but as he reached the door, "Another look—Surely one more," ſaid his heart, and inſenſibly his eyes obeyed. He caught himſelf, walked on, and ſighed; he paſſed the room Claude was in, ſtepped back and opened the door—He found her kneeling by the cradle

of

of their first and only infant; and whilst her tears dropped fast on the sleeping royal babe, she supplicated the protection of Heaven for the young aspiring father.

His soul was touched, and raising her in his arms, the delighted Claude heard and believed protestations she so much wished, but did not hope for.

The Queen's apartment, unrestrained by her presence, was now filled with the young soldiers; each begged the fair wishes of his mistress, and intreated not to be sent away unblessed by her smiles, and an assurance of her favour.

Eudocia was surrounded by a little multitude: free from coquetry, she smiled affably on all; but encouraged none. The valorous, noble Pierre du Terraile intreated only by tender glances, and a respectful obeisance; he felt, but could not say—he loved her. Dauntless to the foe, he trembled before a girl. Madam. Valere delighted to converse with him, and continually sounded his praises to Eudocia,

who

who herſelf preferred him to any other courtier, and often wiſhed ſhe had a right to call him brother. She now turned her eye on him, his ſoftened into tenderneſs; ſhe held out her hand to him.

"Wilt thou not bid me farewell, my "friend?"

He took the offered hand: "Heavens!" cried he eagerly: "With what invincible "ardour would a man take the field, if "ſuch a prize as this were the reward of "victory? Not laureled wreaths, the "pomp of triumph, or the voice of fame, "could ſtand the competition."

"A ſoldier ſhould be ſincere," cried Eudocia—"But the flowery language of the "court has corrupted thine.—Good Hea-"ven guard thee, gallant Pierre!"—Then taking a croſs of diamonds from her boſom, "Here, Du Terraile—take from me this "little pledge of friendſhip, and under its "ſacred influence, fight and conquer."

Pleaſed gratitude ſparkled in his eye as he knelt to receive it—and kiſſing it,

ſtill kneeling fixed it round his neck, ſaying as he finiſhed—" *But with my life*—" thou treaſure! *but with my life*, will " I reſign thee."

He roſe with an air of lightened ſatisfaction, paid round his compliments, and left the apartment—It emptied faſt—and next day's dawn witneſſed the departure of the troops.—What a change appeared in the late ſplendid, animated court!—all was gloomy, ſilent, and forlorn—the ladies unadorned—the voice of muſic huſhed—'twas nothing but regret, ſuſpence, or impatient expectation—and either as couriers failed or were punctual, the dejection abated, or gained ground.

* * * * *

" 'Tis not to be endured!"—ſaid Anna Boleyne, one day entering the chamber of Eudocia—and flinging herſelf into a ſeat. " No! I ſwear to thee, my ſiſter, 'tis " not to be endured. Early this morning " I left

" I left the Queen Dowager's. She ſat in
" her chamber at cheſs with her Duke,
" and ſtraight at every move he looked
" into her face, contemplating its graces.
" She checked on, whilſt he repaid himſelf
" by kiſſing the fair hand which conquer-
" ed him. This was ſoft you'll ſay, and
" ſilly too—I thought it ſo, and left them.
" There was no ſuch cheſs for me; and
" ſo I viſited Madame; but there neither
" could I ſtay——Lords of council, with
" buſy nothings, buſtled in and out—Se-
" cretaries took orders for I know not
" what—Louiſe threw half read petitions
" all around her, and pages of the pre-
" ſence would have dropt aſleep for lack of
" employment, had ſhe not buſied them
" in gathering them up again. I too be-
" gan to nod—Madame Regency prevent-
" ed her ſenſes from ſtagnation; but I
" was no regent, and therefore I bent
" my knee to a right reverent courteſy,
" and waited on the Queen—and this was
" worſe than all, for her eyes ſwoln

" with

"with weeping, ſcarce diſcerned me. I "ſaw ſhe wiſhed me gone to mourn "again upon the cradle of the royal "bantling—and then I came away."

"Why did you not go to the Princeſs "Rene," aſked Eudocia?

"Why ſo I did—but it was only waſte "of trouble."

"Thou art too nice, my Anna. The "flower of our court, it is true, are gone; "yet have we ſome who may wile away "an hour."

"Then if the King has cropped the "flowers—by mine honour I yield him "the ſtalks alſo—and truly they are but "ſtalks—nay *dry* ones too. But name "them to me; happily I may find *one* I "hope not for."

"There is Guy de Montfort."

"Oh name not that bluſtering Lord; "the untaught proffer of his love is "ruder than a blow."

"What think'ſt thou of De Foix?"

"Moſt indifferently. He is a huge "cannon;

" cannon; and if you unwittingly ſtand
" too near his mouth, you hazard be-
" ing blown up by the exploſion of a
" damn."

" What ſayſt thou to Du Larcon?"

" Oh! a mere echo—a moſt inſipid
" babbler. At the Princeſs Rene's juſt
" now, a fit of nonſenſe ſeized me, and I
" turned to the fooliſh coxcomb."

" Du Larcon," cried I, " I ſhould like
" to be a Queen—and ſooth, methinks, I
" have the air of one."

" Certes, good Lady," ſaid the ſimple Lord.

" And yet I know not," I rejoined;
" a Queen looks too lofty, too Juno-like
" —I would be more ſoft, more win-
" ning."

" Right, fair Anna, and veritably thou
" art ſo too—as like ſoft Venus ſurround-
" ed by her nymphs, as—".

" As thou to Jupiter," I interrupted;
" I will help thee out.—Then," quoth I,
" Eudocia Valere is a notable lady."

" She

" She is wonderfully fair indeed," ſaid the fopling.

" Fair!"—cried I, in a tone of wonder.

Larcon, frightened, ſaid—" No! now " I recollect, ſhe is not fair, but brown; " and, as I think, ill-favoured."

" Well, thou canſt not rail at young De " Courci; he is ſuch a maſs-man, and de- " vout withal!"

" Ay, but not from goodneſs. I'll " tell thee, Eudocia, that Lord has the " will to be wicked, but not the ſpirit; " and it is not for the love of God he ſins " not—but through fear of the devil— " ſo do I give him no praiſe for it. Oft " have I ſeen him conſent to ſome ſweet " miſchief whiſpered in his ear; but " then would Beelzebub, in his idea, peep " over his ſhoulder—the Lord did ſtart— " croſſed his breaſt—he durſt not uſe an " oath—and ſo cried Gad-a-mercy."

" But Du Pleſſis, Anna."

" Oh! moſt uncouth. He never ſince " his creation bethought himſelf of the

" two

" two articles called time and place. He " will talk of ſkulls and croſs bones at " a wedding, and of a ſaraband at a funeral. " He will rail at bribes to an advocate; " and will ſpeak of his ſkill at diſcovering " wrinkles, to that court-ivy — an old " coquette; to a churchman, he cenſures " pride aad good cheer; and to Anna " Boleyne, he avers a fine woman is, certes, " a fool."

" And what wilt thou do then, ſince none " of theſe can pleaſe?"

" In ſober ſadneſs, I do not know; " unleſs I go and apparel myſelf like a " dainty page, and follow ſome bluff " Hector to the wars. But I never could " endure the ſcent of gunpowder — be- " ſides thoſe odious chances, death and " wounds."

" Tutor thy fancy then, and reſt in " peace, my ſiſter."

" Would to Heaven thou wert *indeed* my ſiſter! I have a brother, Eudocia; gallant is the youth, and much eſteem-

" ed by our Engliſh dames: he is, it is " true, fiery, petulant, and ſomewhat too " gay; but then is he candid, generous, " and ſincere."

Eudocia ſmiled—" And thoſe qualities " you have in common with him—they " are family ones haply."

" Thou art a ſaucy maid," ſaid Anna, " but I'll be ſworn thou loveſt me—then " why might you not my brother, our " minds ſo well agreeing—and for our " perſons—he is like me there too."

" Is he ſo maiden-like a courtier?—A " dainty *Sir* indeed — with ſuch arched " eye-brows—ſo fair a cheek—and thy " ſoft features; I ſhould miſtake him for " my waiting gentlewoman. But it is " time I ſhould attend her Highneſs— " wilt thou come with me?"

Juſt as Anna was about to anſwer, one of the houſehold came running in.——A courtier covered with duſt and heat, had juſt brought to the Regent the news of the great victory the King had obtained in

in the famous battle of Marignan, near Milan.

They both haſtened to the Queen's apartment, and were ſcarce arrived there, when an officer entered from Francis. He knelt before Claude, and, preſenting a letter, ſaid:

"Health to your Majeſty, and many "ſuch days as this! The arms of the "King my maſter are proſperous; he "commends himſelf to your favour, and "bids me deliver this—penned on the "barrel of a cannon. The armies met "at two in the afternoon, and fought ob-"ſtinately till ſunſet. I have ſeen ſer-"vice, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs, but never "ſo hot a day—ſtill neither were ſubdued "—and an hour or ſo a total darkneſs "obliged the forces to ſtop the battle till "dawn. And that time was allowed for "ſleep; when the Monarch of France "ſhared the hardſhips of his meaneſt ſol-"dier—more dear to their hearts, more "terrible to the foe—when reſting on the

" hard ground, a cannon for his pillow—
" than ſeated on his throne, ſurrounded
" by his nobles. At day-break the fight
" was renewed, and victory ſettled on the
" helmet of our King — and a ſplendid
" victory it is—No boys plays, or courtier-
" like tilts; but deeds of arms, and feats
" of generalſhip."

Claude's tears rolled as if ſhe had been liſtening to his defeat; and ſhe trembled for the dangers he had paſt, even while ſhe rejoiced at his ſucceſs.

The moderation of Francis after this deciſive victory, made it doubly glorious to him. Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, became his priſoner. The King never allowed him to feel himſelf ſuch; but with eager generoſity gave him his liberty, together with a large penſion, to render it of value.

Francis, after making his triumphal entry into Milan, and ſettling all diſputes in Italy, diſpatched meſſengers to intreat that his Queen,

Queen, his mother, and their courts, would give him the meeting in Lyons, leaving the Conſtable Bourbon, to whoſe valour the conqueſt of it was partly owing, governor of Milan.

One of the King's meſſengers was ſurrounded by the young dames, who made enquiries with much rapidity, and queſtioned him of ſo many at a time, that the unfortunate courtier found it impoſſible his anſwers ſhould keep pace with their tongues. At laſt he ſhook off part of the ſwarm, when Eudocia advanced and aſked for Pierre du Terraile.

"He is in high favour," ſaid the officer, "with the King: he fought nobly by his "ſide; as did a young volunteer, who "joined us before the engagement. Nay I "believe we owe to him the life of the royal "Francis; for he threw himſelf between "him and a ſtroke aimed at his breaſt. "The youth was ſeverely hurt, and Fran-"cis has rewarded him by a ſignal poſt.

"A volunteer!" repeated Eudocia haſtily, "how is he called?"

"Orlando de Retel."

Eudocia's conjecture died away.

* * * * *

The Queen-Dowager had hitherto reſided in France; ſhe was partial to its court; but neither her ſuperior beauty, nor refined wit, long maintained the homage ſhe had received there as Queen-Conſort. When Claude or Louiſe appeared, it was obvious Mary's influence leſſened. Her pride could not brook this; and the charm which held her to France was diſſolved. Suffolk, partial to his native England, with delight heard her wiſh of returning to it; and Henry, in his kind invitation to both, ſeemed deſirous to atone for former injuſtice.

Anna Boleyne, attached to the fortunes of the Queen-Dowager, and attracted beſides

ſides by tender engagements to Albion's ſhore, reſolved to bid adieu to France. She loved Eudocia with the livelieſt affection; and the idea of parting with her, poiſoned the anticipated pleaſure of meeting again her Piercy, and aggravated every regret a heart gay as hers muſt feel on quitting a court like that of Francis, where her charms were celebrated, and their power confeſſed. Eudocia with poignant grief ſaw the fair Anna depart; but they mutually vowed eternal friendſhip.

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The Queen now began her journey to Lyons, and Eudocia attended her. Francis and ſome of his great officers already there, made a brillant little court. Pierre du Terraile, and ſuch young warriors as wiſhed to diſtinguiſh themſelves, remained with the Conſtable Bourbon; in readineſs, if any power ſhould attempt the recovery of the Milaneſe, to maintain the poſſeſſion

of it. Terraile's father fell in the battle of Marignan; and he, now become Chevalier Bayard, was even thus early looked on as the ſupport of declining chivalry, and termed "the knight without fear or re-"proach." Young Orlando De Retel too, was a name oft pronounced by the ſoldiery; he purſued faſt the ſteps of the chevalier, whom he ſeemed to make his example.

Nothing could equal the gaiety of the court at Lyons. Not a face could be ſeen which was not animated by a ſmile of ſatisfaction. The old veteran officers looked with delight on the youthful ſovereign, as ennobling the profeſſion of arms; and thoſe of his own age propoſed him as their pattern. He, ever graceful, now outſhone his uſual ſelf, and, his fine features glowing with laudable exultation, he ſtood on air—mingling the majeſtic mien of a King, the front of a warrior, with the elegance of the courtier, and ſoftneſs of a lover.

Eu-

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Eudocia was ſtanding one day behind the Queen's chair, when the Duke of Lorrain came to pay his court. Amongſt other things he addreſſed to her Highneſs, he ſaid:

"A ſtrange circumſtance (ſo pleaſe "you) happened at the battle of Marignan. "The count Campobaſſo, one of my "general officers, fell. In his laſt agonies "he called for me, and telling me he be-"lieved his wife yet lived, as well as a "daughter ſhe bore him, acknowledged "himſelf ſuch a villain as almoſt paſſes "credibility. And I know not whether "to attribute his confeſſion to the wild "ravings of a delirium, or the ſting of "conſcience. Be that as it may, he con-"jured me to endeavour to diſcover the "Counteſs and his daughter, and to hold "his large eſtate in guardianſhip for "them. I will tell your Majeſty his own

" account of this ſtrange affair. You " have heard doubtleſs of the famous " Mademoiſelle de Montargis, or, at all " events, of her daughter the beautiful " Comerci."

" Your Majeſty has ſeen her too !" interrupted Eudocia with emotion; " that " Comerci is the injured Counteſs Cam- " pobaſſo—and my mother."

" Madam Valere !" ſaid the Queen, ſurpriſed.

" The ſame, may it pleaſe your High- " neſs."

" Wonderful chance of Providence !" exclaimed the Duke of Lorrain,—" And " Campobaſſo ſpoke truth. I will wait " on Madam Valere—ſhe can doubtleſs " produce proofs of her identity and " yours."

" That can ſhe eaſily," replied Eudocia; " or, if you will take the trouble of " waiting on Madame, ſhe will ſatisfy you " as to our pretenſions."

" If ſo, young lady," ſaid the Duke,

" Heaven

" Heaven has been prodigal indeed in its " gifts to you, and made you rich as " lovely."

Eudocia, courteſying, quitted the preſence, and haſtening to the chamber of Madam Valere, flew to her ſeat, and throwing her arms round her, cried,

" I come, my mother, the meſſenger of " good tidings. Your virtues triumph— " and their adverſary has periſhed. The " cruel Campobaſſo is himſelf 'laid low,' " is himſelf cruſhed 'even to the duſt;'— " and the line of Montargis ſhall again " flouriſh—like a fair flower it ſhall bloom " anew—bent indeed by the ſtorm, but " riſing more fragrant from the kindly " dew which followed the rude blaſt.— " The Duke of Lorrain will ſtraight be " with you—him the Count confeſſed his " crime to and inveſted with your eſtates in " truſt."

" Propitious Heaven!" ſaid the Counteſs, kneeling, " thou haſt heard my

" prayer— receive my grateful praiſe." Then, turning to Eudocia, " May the " God of Rectitude guide thee, my child, " and the powers of humility, charity, and " compaſſion, guard thee, from aſſuming " arrogant exultations on this great bleſſ- " ing, and inſpire thee with mild thanks- " giving for it!——This is a dangerous " teſt of thy virtues, dear Eudocia;—I " pleaſe myſelf with the hope they will " ſtand the proof unſhaken, and the " winning lowlineſs of the charming Va- " lere ſtill adorn the manners of the laſt " deſcendant of Montargis. Now can " the benevolence of thy ſoul expand, " and taſte its firſt gratification—thou " haſt now the power—loſe not the will " of becoming the ſtay of the forlorn, " and the relief of the diſtreſſed."

Madam Valere was readily proved to be the unfortunate Counteſs Campobaſſo. But, averſe to that ſound, when put in poſſeſſion of her hereditary eſtates, Francis

cis completed her ſatisfaction, by creating her Marchioneſs in her own right, by the title of Comerci.

Behold now the once ruſtic Eudocia, one of the firſt ladies of France, next to thoſe of royal-blood; and her patiently ſuffering mother, reſtored to her former honours!

* * * * *

The King, in his abſence from the court and Eudocia, had reaſoned himſelf into ſomething like a conqueſt over his inclination for her: he ſaw the principles of virtue too ſtrongly fixed in her ſoul, to admit a poſſibility of her ſwerving from their dictates; and, when divided from her, reflection found an opportunity of viſiting his imagination, urged the ſweetneſs, the innocency of the maid, and the cruelty of attempting ſuch purity. His noble heart retreated with horror from the idea of ſeduction, and a crime ſo black.

"No,

"No, my fair, modeſt lily of the "vale," he ſaid, "Francis will never "again ſeek to ſully thy whiteneſs. I "will protect thy ſoft delicacy, till I find "one deſerving of poſſeſſing thee— to him "will I preſent thee, and he ſhall guard "thee in his boſom, the reward of its "merit, and a fit ornament of the higheſt "ſtation." Entirely diſintereſted then was the zeal of the young King for the Marchioneſs and her daughter.

* * * * *

Eudocia now attached herſelf to the Princeſs Rene, who greatly diſtinguiſhed her. Francis loved his ſiſter-in-law, and frequently found Eudocia in her apartment, which ſhe uſually quitted as he entered. She poſſeſſed eminently the talent of converſation. He knew her reaſon for avoiding him, and determined to remove the cauſe, and thereby acquire an agreeable addition to their ſociety. One day meeting

meeting with her, and taking her hand, he ſaid in a low voice:

" Be not alarmed, Mademoiſelle — I " mean not to renew vows you have ever " diſdained, but to bid you avoid me no " longer—They ſhall never be repeated " —a convert to your virtue, I hold it " ſacred, and wiſh to view thee, amiable " Comerci, with unimpaſſioned friendſhip. " 'Tis an ungallant declaration, that I " will, nay have broken your chains, and " there is ſcarce another woman in my " court, whoſe vanity would allow her to " thank me for it. But I well know I " ſpeak to one free from the follies and " arts of her ſex. Finally—is there any " one in my court or army you honour by " your approbation?—Speak as to a brother " —and my voice, my power ſhall be " exerted for the happineſs of my charm- " ing ſiſter--do you allow that appel- " lation?"

" Do I not glory in it?---What dearer " ſhould I rather demand? Forbear, then,

" Sire,

" Sire, to excite that vanity you an-
" nounce me free from. For your gene-
" rous offer, I gratefully thank your High-
" neſs, but have at preſent no need to avail
" myſelf of it."

From this time the moſt agreeable par-ties, and lively converſations, took place at the Princeſs Rene's, and Eudocia gave ſpirit to them all, whilſt the months glid-ed imperceptibly by.

Eudocia was now ſeized with a feveriſh indiſpoſition, and the Marchioneſs never left her for a moment. Whilſt ſhe was confined to her chamber by the remains of it, Mademoiſelle de Blois, a young beauty newly preſented at court, came running to her bedſide.

" Oh, my dear Comerci, what do you
" here?—Shake off this lazy diſorder—I
" bring you news. There is to be a ball
" to-night—a grand one—and great re-
" joicings."

" For what, my dear child," aſked the Marchioneſs.

" Bleſs

" Bleſs me! Madam, have you not " heard it?—Why that meddling Em- " peror Maximilian, and the old fuſty " Pope, with I don't know how many " Swiſs, it ſeems, invaded the Milaneſe, " and nothing but the greateſt valour " could poſſibly have maintained it to " France. So the Conſtable writes; but " the beſt of it is, this beautiful, charm- " ing, young Orlando will be to-night at " the ball."

" What Orlando doſt thou ſpeak of?"— cried Eudocia.

" Did I not tell you of him?—How " could I forget it?—The handſome Or- " lando De Retel. 'Twas he brought the " letters from the Conſtable Bourbon, who " warmly commends him to the King's " notice, ſaying he behaved gallantly in " the late action—And I will be ſworn for " him he did ſo. He looked ſo noble " as he entered the apartment of the Queen, " and kneeled to her ſo gracefully, and

" looked

" looked round him with ſo much eaſe,
" and ſo much—"

" Thou art a ſtrange mad-cap," ſaid Eudocia.

" Well, but I have not told you all," ſaid De Blois. " I looked in juſt now at " Madame's, and my ſiſter is, you know, " in waiting there; and ſhe ſays Madame " has prevailed on the King to recal the " Conſtable from his government, and " give it to the Viſcount Lautrec. This " is very poſſible, you know, as Madame " hates Bourbon," added ſhe archly.

" Hates Bourbon! and why does ſhe " hate him," ſaid Eudocia.

" Oh for a thouſand reaſons; firſt, " becauſe he hates her—next, becauſe ſhe " once loved him moſt extravagantly— " ay, to ſuch a degree, that, arriving at " the extreme of love, and having no far- " ther ſcope, ſhe even overleaped its con- " fines, and ſo got into the region of ha- " tred."

" You

" You ſurely are miſinformed, Made-
" moiſelle," ſaid the Marchioneſs.

" Oh no, Madam—it is rather your
" Ladyſhip who is ignorant—all France
" knows Madame doated on the Conſta-
" ble, and now hates him for rejecting her
" prepoſterous paſſion for him.—But riſe,
" riſe, ſweet Comerci, and get ready for
" this ball.—Yet now I bethink me, do
" not riſe—for I chooſe to engage this new
" hero, and as ſure as fate, if you appear,
" you will prevent me."

" Which of your requeſts ſhall I real-
" ly comply with?" ſaid Eudocia, laugh-
ing.

" After all, with that which beſt pleaſes
" you," returned the lively De Blois— If
" you come, you may loſe your heart—if
" you ſtay, I may perchance win one in
" exchange of mine own."

" She cannot go," ſaid the Marchioneſs,
feeling her hand—" She is ſtill feveriſh, and
" too weak beſide."

" Well,

" Well, then, I will come to-morrow and " tell her of it."

She was as good as her word—but not of the ball—'twas only of Orlando ſhe ſpoke.

" I danced with him—I converſed with " him—but what think you ?—'Twas an " odd whim— he made me repeat to him " the names of all Madame's ladies—then " the Queen's, laſt the Princeſs Rene's " —and when I had done, looked diſcon- " certed. ' Are they all here ?' he aſk- " ed.

" All of any note, ſave one,' I an- " ſwered.

" Name that one,' he ſaid haſtily.

" Mademoiſelle de Comerci.'

" He ſhook his head diſappointedly— " looked abſent—and left me; but ſud- " denly recollecting himſelf, he begged " my pardon——But I cannot ſtay longer " with you—I muſt fly to Madame's to " teaze her ladies about De Retel."

Juſt

Juſt as ſhe was going the Princeſs Rene came to viſit Eudocia, and inſiſted on her going with her in her coach for the benefit of the air—De Blois tripped on, and Eudocia attended the Princeſs.

As they returned, they paſſed through Madame's Palace Park, and there was airing a group of her Court— Mademoiſelle de Blois, and her admired Orlando.— "Now," ſaid Mademoiſelle to him, now "you may ſee the beautiful rich Comerci--- "ſhe is in that coach with Rene—go up "to it, you cannot be miſtaken, you have "ſeen the Princeſs, and thoſe two only are "in it."

De Blois was wrong—Mademoiſelle de Comerci was there, and her head was out of the window when Orlando approached it, and remained there whilſt he looked —He returned to the impatient De Blois dreading to aſk his opinion.

"Well, is ſhe not beautiful?"

"I do not think ſhe is at all ſo," replied De Retel.—"She cannot vie with

"the

" the meaneſt I have already ſeen. To " her riches ſhe ſurely owes her celebrity, " and your courtiers view her through " their medium."

* * * * *

Soon Eudocia was well enough to renew her attendance on the Princeſs—one day, whilſt the king was paying his uſual viſit, and debating with Comerci at a window, which overlooked a ſpacious Court, he ſaid ſuddenly—" There goes Orlando " de Retel" — who then paſſed through it—Eudocia looked——'Twas her Theodore.—

Her cheek flufhed red as crimſon, then faded to the lily ſhade—Francis obſerved her.

" Is it ſo, my ſiſter—But fear not, I " will keep your ſecret. Happy Orlando! " —I will ſend immediately for the diſtin- " guiſhed youth," ſaid he, turning to the door.

" I own

"I own it, my liege," ſaid the faultering Comerci—"Your Highneſs has diſcovered "me—But ſtay an inſtant till I explain—"till I ſay"—

"I will ſpare your bluſhes," he returned, "and bring him to your feet.—"Eu-"docia, I want no explanations—It is—"But I will now this inſtant ſend to him."

"Oh ſtay, Sire—My mother—"

"Leave all to me," cried Francis impatiently, and left her.

He ſent one of his gentlemen to bring De Retel to his cloſet, and Eudocia remained ſatisfied, knowing when they met an eclairciſſement would enſue, and eaſily ſettle the ſeeming precipitancy of her choice. She went home, but could not ſummon reſolution to inform the Marchioneſs of what had paſſed. She wondered when night came and brought not Theodore—Diſturbed and perplexed, ſhe went next day to the Princeſs. Francis was already there, but unattended by Theodore.

The

The King obſerved her look of enquiry, and coming up to her, drew her aſide.

"Where is this De Retel?"—ſhe aſked.

"Forget him, lovely Comerci. He is "a rude inſenſible. He admits your "charms, and the advantages of your "alliance; but even for them cannot be "prevailed on to quit the purſuit of arms, "and is in fact now on his way back to "Milan.—Doubtful if he knew whom he "refuſed, I aſked him, had he viewed Ma-"demoiſelle de Comerci with attention?"

"Oh very attentively, my Liege," he replied—"Mademoiſelle de Comerci claims "my warmeſt gratitude. I allow her all "her merit; but will not even to her re-"ſign a liberty I devote to fame and the "profeſſion of arms."

"It is well," ſaid Eudocia; but her heart ſubſcribed not to what ſhe had aſ-ſerted.

"I have now only to intreat your High-"neſs to forget my weakneſs and conceal "it---Ah! would I had done ſo!"

Francis,

Francis, to give her time to recover herſelf, turned from her and addreſſed the Princeſs---Eudocia could not ſtay in the apartment; ſhe left it ruminating, and retired to her own. She wondered, gueſſed, but ſtill it was inexplicable at laſt.

"It is ſo," ſhe ſaid; "De Blois has "captivated him, and he feared to irritate "his Sovereign, by avowing a preference "he ſaw would diſpleaſe him. 'Tis ob-"vious, and I am wretched. Yet can it "indeed be ſo? Can *Theodore, my* Theo-'dore---my *Brother*-- my earlieſt *Friend*, "can he deceive me---and from his hand "muſt I receive the blow which ſtrikes "at my peace?—Suzy! Suzy! does in-"tegrity abide only with thee?"—Again ſhe muſed; again exclaimed, "I can no "other way account for it. I am for-"gotten, or forſaken for De Blois."—

This concluſion was ſoon confirmed to her idea. To diſſipate painful recollections, Eudocia went that evening to pay her court to the Queen. She had juſt finiſhed her

compliments, and Francis had begun his to her, when ſhe was transfixed by aſtoniſhment. Theodore came in dreſſed; offered his devoirs to the Queen; apologized to the King for his ſudden return, ſaying, "He had forgot ſome neceſſary diſpatches, "but ſhould ſet off again next morn-"ing."

He then turned round, looked full at Eudocia ſomewhat contemptuouſly, and bowing ſlightly as he paſſed her, ſtood oppoſite Mademoiſelle de Blois, till the King and Queen retired; when he gaily went up to her, and ſeemed to converſe with her with particular earneſtneſs and ſpirit.

But who can paint the feelings of Eudocia? To conceive their poignancy, ſuch muſt be experienced: ſhocked, inſulted--ſhe could ſcarce ſupport herſelf, or give a rational return to the compliments addreſſed to her; and, tired out, ſhe gave her hand to the Duke D'Alençon, who led her to the ſtair-caſe. She haſtened home

and

and going immediately to her chamber, that indignant pride which had hitherto befriended her, gave place to diſappointed, wounded affection; and while tears of bitterneſs fell faſt from her eyes, ſhe cried:

"I too ſtrongly gueſſed---and he comes "at the hazard of the King's diſpleaſure "for another look at De Blois --- to re- "peat again his vows---Ungrateful, per- "fidious Theodore!--But to my heart will "I confine the humiliating diſcovery, and "ſubdue its weakneſs, or die in the at- "tempt."

And now to excuſe the conduct of young Theodore. He had come to court, animated by the hope of claiming that heart he had ſo gallantly deſerved; and pleaſed with the thought of ſurpriſing her, ſtill held his aſſumed name. He expected to find her in Madame's ſervice, and was diſappointed. He enquired of De Blois the names of all her ladies; and ſhe, a ſtranger, was almoſt the only one who

could not have informed him of the ſtrange revolution which had raiſed the favourite of Louiſe of Savoy to be the heireſs of Comerci. It has been ſaid, Theodore miſtook Mademoiſelle de Courci, for a lady ſo celebrated, and, when offered the hand of Mademoiſelle de Comerci, ſtill under that miſtake, declined it—Eudocia alone could he love, and Eudocia only would he wed. He imagined ſhe had retired, and, flattering himſelf accident or time would yet diſcover her to him, he reſolved to leave a ſcene now irkſome to him, and he quitted the Court. On the road he overtook, and joined one of thoſe goſſips who are the bane of ſociety. This one peculiarly belonged to the region he had left. They fell into converſation, and Theodore was aſked the uſual queſtion, "How he liked the fair "Comerci?" He replied, "She was "well enough."

"And fortunate ſure," ſaid the defamer. "She can twiſt our King round "her finger."

"Ay,

"Ay, indeed!" ſaid Theodore, reflecting on the late propoſal made him—"Is "ſhe beloved by him?"

"Why, where have you been, not to "know that? She is indeed even to folly, "and ſhe manages him moſt dexterouſly: ſhe is a delicate dame, and wheedles "him to perfection. Her ſtory is altogether ſtrange—you have heard it doubtleſs?"

Theodore replied in the negative.

And the babbler thus continued—"She "was once called Eudocia Valere"—

Theodore ſtarted—He was not obſerved by the goſſip, who went on with his tale—

"And was one of Madame's ladies-"companions, when ſhe lived at Cog-"nac—Francis was then Count D'An-"gouleme. He ſaw—loved, and ſeduced "her. Soon after his acceſſion, he framed "a plauſible tale to gratify her vanity, "which he prevailed on the Duke of "Lorrain to countenance. The great eſ-

" tates of Montargis and Comerci, by his
" wife, came into the poſſeſſion of one
" Count Campobaſſo. This Campobaſſo
" was ſlain at the battle of Marignan; and
" no heirs of his appearing, his poſſeſſions
" fell to the Crown. A meet preſent they
" were for a lady of one's love. The
" nation, racked for ſupplies for the war,
" could as well have ſpared ſuch a one,
" but no matter. This little principality
" was compact, neat, juſt ſuiting the taſte
" of the minion; but ſtill the dainty fair
" muſt have it gilt for her acceptance—
" She deigned not to receive a gift, and
" Francis complaiſantly proved ſhe had a
" right to it—They were her own—But
" how? aſked the nation—By Saint An-
" thony, Sir, ſhe was born a new child to
" the late Count Campobaſſo; and her
" mother, a provident gentlewoman, who
" winked at the guilty Comerci, was as
" eaſily proved the daughter of the late
" Baron Comerci.—' Dead men tell no
" tales:' Power can do any thing—A cave

" and

" and dagger were introduced to account " for their long concealment, and behold " Francis's obſcure miſs is metamorphoſed " into a lady of high deſcent, and the " humble Madame Valere transformed to " a Marchioneſs in her own right—that is " to ſay, in right of her daughter."

Theodore, not knowing what he did, put ſpurs to his horſe, and galloped off.

" Devil!—Devil!"—he cried,—" In- " famous colluſion." He ſaw he was miſ- taken as to the perſon of Comerci, but his averſion to the alliance took another turn, from a different ſource—yet ſtill re- mained.

" So I was the unſuſpecting, artleſs tool " they thought fit for their purpoſe—Eu- " docia's hand offered me by her ſlave " Angouleme. 'Tis clear—a cloak is " perchance wanted. But I will not be " that---Inſolent ſuppoſition!---The King " of France, and heireſs of Comerci--- " even ſuch high perſonages ſhould not " dare to think it.---Oh! Eudocia, how

" art thou fallen—fallen from the noble-
" neſs of Virtue, to the abject ſtate of
" Vice---abject, though decked by titles!
" ---What, Eudocia---my ſweet Valere---
" my innocent Eudocia---that name which
" ſeemed but another one for goodneſs---
" that fair name is blaſted, hateful to the
" ear of honeſty !——

" I will go back"---after a pauſe---curb
" my heart, though it drop blood at the
" onſet. I will dreſs my face in cool, con-
" temptuous ſcorn---I will not even up-
" braid her treachery---but to her face---
" yes, to her face, ſhake off her fetters, and
" ſeem to adopt another's."

This reſolution was ſtaggered on the firſt glance---But Francis was converſing with her; his blood roſe---Not the increaſed luſtre of her improved beauties, not the elegance of her geſtures, or the ingenuouſneſs of her air, ſoftened his reſentment; he, as has been ſaid, regarded her for a moment ---and bowed to ſhew he knew her---then to the delighted De Blois performed a thou-

ſand

ſand fooleries, which pained even to anguiſh a heart devoted to him, and unſullied by a thought of that depravity imputed to it. This noble exploit performed, he again ſet out to join the army, complimenting his own cleverneſs, and the inſolence of aſpect with which he regarded the innocent victim of ſlander.

Eudocia confined the killing grief to her own breaſt, and the Marchioneſs ſaw with ſurpriſe and diſtreſs the roſes on her cheek faded to the hue of care, and the ſhining moiſture of her eye, ſwelled to the repreſſed tear of deſpondency. Every month but confirmed her melancholy, but more undermined her health, which viſibly was affected by her concealed grief.

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All

All France, or at leaſt its Court, now were engroſſed by the views of its Monarch ---and became zealous for the accompliſhment of his wiſh to be elected Emperor—a dignity become vacant by the death of Maximilian, whoſe grand-ſon, Charles the Fifth, was his competitor for the Imperial Crown. Spite of the diligence of Francis, ſpite of the immenſe ſums he ſquandered to influence the Electors, or ſuch as influenced them, he was foiled, and Charles was elected to the empire. This conteſt gave birth to that jealouſy and muttual animoſity which ever after ſubſiſted between Charles and Francis. The latter's favourite project now became the humbling the pride and power of the Emperor. To aid the accompliſhment of this view, he courted the friendſhip of the Engliſh King; who, inferior to either in talents or fame, yet held the balance of power between both, and kept them in conſtant hopes or fears, as his caprice, or the artful deſigns of his Miniſter Cardinal Wolſey, inclined him to favour one or the other.

To

To win Henry's friendſhip, Francis propoſed an interview at Guiſnes; Henry agreed to the propoſal. But even here the watchful Charles anticipated the French King, and paying Henry a viſit at Dover, by flattering the vanity and ambition of the Cardinal, he rendered that interview, ſo famed, ſo ſplendid, of no effect; but an uſeleſs diſplay of the magnificence and gallantry of both Kings, and impoveriſhing their attendants, by the profuſion and luxury they were obliged to appear with.

Tilts and tournaments, feaſts, carouſals, and various other ſhows, were exhibited; the Monarchs themſelves entering the liſts, and diſputing the prizes and favours of the dames. The Chevalier Bayard diſtinguiſhed himſelf in theſe feaſts: he was allowed to be the moſt complete knight of the age; and Francis himſelf, after the battle of Marignan, had inſiſted on receiving the order of Knighthood from his hand. The Chevalier, after he conferred it, kneeling

kiſſed the ſword honoured by the occaſion, and replacing it in the ſcabbard, ſaid:

"Abide thee there, my good ſword; "diſtinguiſhed art thou ſure above all "others. I now conſecrate thee to the "ſervice of my God—or my miſtreſs "only—and to maintain the honour of "Eudocia, or oppoſe the infidels, thou "ſhalt now be ſolely devoted."

The whole court ſeemed to enjoy this gay feſtival. All were engroſſed by its brilliant ſhows, ſave the dejected Comerci, already bent by the iron hand of affliction, and in early youth, mourning over blaſted happineſs, and pronouncing life too tedious. She looked with perfect indifference on the numerous ſuitors who each day preſented themſelves before her; and ſcarce obſerved their rivalſhip diſplayed in balls outvying balls, fetes eclipſing fetes, notes tuned to her name, with madrigals and ſonnets ſung in her praiſe. Theodore was falſe, and that idea could not be effaced. Maidenly pride ſometimes rouſed her; but though

though it leſſened her tenderneſs to Theodore, it pleaded nothing for his rivals; and the inſenſible, the cold, the haughty, were appellatives annexed to her title. But to Bayard ſhe was neither one nor the other: in converſe with him ſhe ſeemed to forget her woe, or rather his accents ſoothed it —the dimples of her mouth again became viſible by a ſmile—her ſighs were leſs frequent—and ſhe often boaſted the amiable chevalier was her *friend*.

The Marchioneſs ever joined in the encomiums of the noble Bayard. He had ventured to make her the confidante of his paſſion for her daughter, but, timid, ſcarce could allow her to mention his wiſhes. To ſee him united with her child was the Marchioneſs's firſt wiſh, and ſhe now became his advocate. Entering her daughter's apartment, the Marchioneſs thus beſpoke her:

" I come to thee a ſuitor, my Eudocia, " from one whoſe merit ſhould be his " own pleader; but modeſty, that ſure " atten-

" attendant of it, and reſpectful fondneſs,
" ſeldom make us eloquent, and he dreads
" to make the attempt. Need I now ſay
" I ſpeak of the Chavalier Bayard?—Ah!
" allow thy mother the conſolation of
" ſeeing her heart's darling ſafe under the
" protection of a man of honour and
" worth, thereby ſecured from the evils
" attending an orphan ſtate. Remember
" the fate of Montargis, and the effect of
" it which reached even me. If thy heart
" ſelects another, ſpeak, my child!—
" Eudocia could not love any her mother
" ſhould diſapprove—but if free, make
" it the reward of truth, of tenderneſs, de-
" licacy, and virtue."

" You over-rate its value, my mother,
" when you ſuppoſe my heart adequate to
" reward ſuch qualities. But whatever it
" is deficient in—it glows with grateful
" affection to the beſt of parents—yields
" itſelf to her wiſhes. I am thankful for
" the indulgence with which you have
" allowed me to reject ſuch offers, your pru-

" dence

"dence or parental power might have "bidden me receive. The Chevalier de- "ſerves an heart valuable as your partial "fancy ſuppoſes mine. I ſhould, I own, "prefer a ſingle life; but your will ſhall "ever be the rule of mine."

"Thou art my joy, my bleſſing," ſaid the Marchioneſs; "thou wert never form- "ed for a ſolitary life and a negative "exiſtence—ſpeak of it no more. The "Chevalier trembling waits his doom in "my cloſet. I go to reaſſure the ami- "able youth. I will bring him with me "—and receive him, my child, as he "merits."

Eudocia, ſuperior to her ſex's affecta- tion, roſe to receive Bayard as he advanced with the Marchioneſs, and with her uſual air of kindneſs paid her compliments: ſhe gave her hand to his with generous frank- neſs; and when her mother left them, and he ſpoke of his hopes, ſhe thus addreſſed him:

"I regret, gallant Bayard, I regret I "can-

" cannot offer thee ſuch a return as thy
" truth, thy merit, claims from me—a
" heart brave, tender, and noble as thine
" ſhould be repaid by one which could
" yield to thee its firſt, free, undivided
" affection. Had I known thee earlier,
" I am perſuaded I could have made that
" gift—have preſented thee ſuch an heart
" —but mine is now, even now, my friend,
" ſmarting from the wounds of abuſed
" confidence and violated faith.

" Before I beheld thee—I loved;—ſince
" I ſaw thee, I have been deceived. My
" pride aids the reſolution I have formed
" to forget the object, of whoſe unwor-
" thineſs I am convinced. I eſteem your
" perſon, and revere your virtues; I will
" not be yours whilſt a ſigh agitates my
" boſom for any other; but the firſt hour
" of recovered freedom ſhall ſerve to
" entruſt thee with it. If thou canſt deign
" to receive ſuch intentions, canſt be ſatis-
" fied with ſuch feelings, take my hand.
" It ſhall indeed be thine when my heart,

" rouſed

" rouſed from its abaſement, can accom-
" pany the gift."

" Precious to my ſoul is that anticipat-
" ed moment, dear, ingenuous Eudocia!"
ſaid the Chevalier; "and it will arrive,
" gentle Comerci—I feel the bleſſed con-
" viction, and await it as the firſt favour
" of Heaven."

* * * * *

At the interview of Guiſnes, Eudocia and Anna Boleyne again met, and that event alone would have made each pronounce it a fortunate one; for both ſtill retained for the other the livelieſt affection, and unabating friendſhip. At Guiſnes alſo was firſt viſible the affection of the Engliſh King for the fair Boleyne, who was in the train of his Queen. In the liſts he wore her colours—his emblem, device, motto, all breathed Anna, and proclaimed a paſſion as extravagant as unbounded. It has been ſaid, Anna knew her charms,

and

and exulted in their power—ſhe delighted to behold their effects—and though her heart was free as an infant's from one criminal deſire, its wiſh for admiration was exceſſive—its vanity unconquerable—and in her conduct there was a degree of vivacity nearly bordering on levity. She loved Piercy tenderly—that is to ſay, as well as it was poſſible for her to love any man. But in a mind like hers, love is only a ſecondary paſſion. Lord Piercy graced the train of Henry's nobles, and his delicacy could not brook his miſtreſs and intended wife ſhould receive public proofs of the unjuſtifiable partiality of the King—a partiality as improper for Anna to countenance, as tormenting to Piercy to know ſhe did ſo. Oft he expoſtulated—as often ſhe laughed at his peeviſh petulance, as ſhe ſtiled it. Soon he came to reproaches—ſhe anſwered them with frowns, and a declaration that "ſhe "would not be controlled;" obſerving at the ſame time, "ſhe muſt expect no-

"thing

"thing leſs than tyrannic reſtraint, from "an huſband who dictated ſo arrogantly "as a lover."

Theſe ſcenes produced mutual coldneſs, diſtruſts, and quarrels. She would have ſacrificed any thing to him but the triumph of beauty, and that was the only ſacrifice he demanded. Piqued at finding himſelf of ſo little conſequence to her, he affected to neglect her; cenſured openly her coquetting, and ridiculed her vanity.

One day as Anna was ſitting with Eudocia in her chamber, a buſy tale-bearer joined them, and repeated a converſation ſhe had over-heard between Cardinal Wolſey and the Lord Piercy. The latter ſpoke of Anna Boleyne with aſperity, ſatirized her lightneſs, and cenſured her encouragement of the King's paſſion for her.

"Leave her to herſelf, brave Piercy," returned the Cardinal. "Giddy with the "applauſe of cringing flatterers, ſhe will "work

" work her own downfal; and thou ſhalt " receive thy revenge in beholding her " humbled to thy wiſh, when her dalli- " ance and fooliſh toying ſhall have ſated " the fickle King."

" Sayſt thou ſo, proud churchman?" cried Anna, in a tone of diſpleaſure, the bluſh of indignation burning on her cheek —" Inſolent aſſertion!—My toying—my " dalliance!"—She burſt into tears, and raiſing her voice, broken by ſobs:

" I here ſwear, oh! Piercy! thou ſhalt " repent thy cruel taunts. I know, yes " I know I have yet power enough over " thee, to retaliate on thy proud heart " the wound thou haſt given mine. And " beware, haughty Prelate! ambitious " Wolſey! beware of that influence I " now, for the firſt time, exult in the poſ- " ſeſſion of. Spite of thy ſchemes, thy " arts, thy diſſimulation, I may reach " thee; and thou in bitterneſs own thy- " ſelf foiled by the dalliance, the toying " of a woman, Anna Boleyne."

" Ceaſe!

"Ceaſe! oh ceaſe! my Anna; reſtrain "this wild, this vain reſentment," cried Eudocia. "Go," angrily to the informer, "go and bear elſewhere thy miſ-"chief-working tales." She was obeyed —then turning to her friend—"Where "is your prudence, my beloved? Beware, "nor give your heart to theſe ungentle "feelings."

"I have ſworn it," replied Anna, "I "will humble Wolſey; and ſoar above "the rank, Piercy could ever raiſe me to; "though my heart marks every ſtep I "advance, by a pang of yet unextinguiſh-"ed tenderneſs."

"What doſt thou aim at?" ſaid Eudocia: "reflect, my Anna; conſider the "royal Catherine, her virtues, her rights; "nor violate ſuch ſacred ones, to effect "an unworthy triumph, too dearly pur-"chaſed at the price you offer."

"I'll tell thee, my Eudocia—Not for "worlds, or what is yet more, not even "to puniſh Wolſey, would I invade the

"rights

" rights of Catherine; but ere I beheld
" the royal Henry, ſcruples of conſcience
" had determined him to remove her
" from his bed and throne. Able Doctors
" even now diſpute upon the lawfulneſs
" of his marriage. Policy obliges him
" to bring, if poſſible, the Pope into his
" views, fearful of the reſentment of Ca-
" therine's nephew Charles, ſhould he of
" himſelf divorce her. Time, therefore,
" and caution is required. But, after all,
" ſhould Leo, influenced by the Emperor,
" refuſe his ſanction, Henry will throw
" off his yoke; and, ſatisfied of the up-
" rightneſs of the meaſure, by his own
" Biſhops voices, annul his marriage.
" Then why may not I aſcend the vacant
" throne? My rejection of it could not
" reſtore it to Catherine; but it will
" doubtleſs be filled by ſome one leſs ſcru-
" pulous than myſelf."

" Specious but inſufficient reaſoning," ſaid Eudocia—" you are blinded by " that ambition you cenſure in the Lord " Cardinal,

" Cardinal, or your quick ſenſe could " not fail ſuggeſting to you arguments " totally oppoſite to what you have utter- " ed—nor need they be very ſubtle, ſo " obvious is the fallacy of yours."

The Marchioneſs now joined them, and her daughter put off to another period, the renewal of thoſe diſſuaſions ſhe reſolved to uſe with her friend.—She found an opportunity to urge them—They were without effect, and ſhortly after the return of the Engliſh Court from France the beauteous Anna was created Marchioneſs of Pembroke, the firſt ſtep to that fatal greatneſs ſhe afterwards arrived at, and the unequivocal aſſurance to the amiable Comerci ſhe had not adopted her advice.

* * * * *

The diverſions of Guiſnes were ſucceeded by preparations for war. The King reſolved himſelf to take the field, and

and Madame was again appointed Regent. After various and complicated treaties between the Pope, the Emperor, and Francis, the latter perceived he was trifled with by both. He became the defender of the D'Albert Family, and to reinſtate them in their kingdom of Navarre, then in poſſeſſion of the Emperor, he ſent De Foix Viſcount Lautrec, to invade it. The firſt meāſures purſued for the reduction of Navarre proved fortunate; and the deſign would in all probability have been accompliſhed, but for the King's injudiciouſly permitting Lautrec to beſiege Legrogno, belonging to the Crown of Caſtile, whoſe nobles, though at that time at variance with Charles, yet united themſelves to oppoſe Francis, and obliged him to raiſe the ſiege. A general engagement followed, in which the French troops were defeated, and driven from all their acquiſitions in Navarre, which has ſince been united to the Spaniſh monarchy.

Navarre

Navarre was not the only quarter in which Francis invaded Charles. The Low Countries were alſo made the ſeat of war. But the different intrigues of the French Court, rendered every means of its aggrandizement abortive. Bourbon had an implacable enemy in Madame. He was an able ſtateſman, and a finiſhed general; yet every advice offered by him, however advantageous, was oppoſed and overruled by the Regent, merely to mortify him. So blinded was ſhe by that wiſh, that the intereſts of her ſon were ſacrificed to its indulgence. Beſides, Francis, of an extravagant turn, was profuſe in his expences, and appropriated to them part of the ſupplies raiſed for carrying on the war. Madame was as prodigal; and ſeeking to forget in diſſipation, the affront her ſelf-love had received in Bourbon's rejection of her, ſhe alſo ſquandered immenſe ſums deſtined for the ſupport of the army under Lautrec. The ſoldiers mutinying for the payment of their arrears, and his inability

from the want of money to retain the Swiſs, loſt Francis about this time the poſſeſſion of the hard acquired Milaneſe. Francis Sforza was reſtored by the Pope to his Duchy, and both openly took part with the Imperialiſts.

Bayard, firſt in arms! was not idle during theſe commotions. He was to be found wherever danger or renown called him. The Marchioneſs and her daughter retired during theſe troubles to their caſtle de la Roſſignol, to pray for peace to their country, and the ſafety of the Chevalier. The Marchioneſs felt for him all the tenderneſs, all the fears of a fond mother for the ſon of her hopes, the election of her choice, the future protector of her child. Eudocia's ſentiments are already known—ſhe looked on him as her deſtined lord, the companion of her future life; and ſought by ſchooling her mind, and correcting its foibles, to render herſelf more amiably engaging, and to cultivate ſuch endowments as might win him

him to the domeſtic ſcene, and wean the hero from his too arduous purſuit of military fame; a paſſion, her preſent anxieties for him taught her would otherwiſe embitter the happineſs of their union. The many months which had already divided them, Eudocia had thus employed; and alſo ſought to adorn her caſtle for his reception: its gloomy air, under her improving hand, ſoon gave way to one more rural and attractive: ſome of the huge woods were cleared to lighter groves, and the once obſcured proſpects now opened to the view, parterres of flowers enlivening the ſober green, and refreſhing the air around by their long-untaſted odours; whilſt aromatic ſhrubs promiſed ſoon to reward their planter by a fragrant ſhade. Within the caſtle as great a change took place: the worm-eaten wainſcot gave place to rich tapeſtries, bordered by golden cornices; feſtoons of flowers gave a relief to the eye; and the rooms breathed taſte, but not profuſion—elegance, not prodigality. The poor around Roſ-

ſignol were the children of its fair owner; and to the relief of their neceſſities, ſhe appropriated the value of ſuch ſuperfluities as her eye had been accuſtomed to.

* * * * *

The Marchioneſs and her daughter uſually paſſed their evenings in a ſummer houſe built at the end of a fine terrace. One of theſe evenings had been particularly fine, and they lengthened their ſtay till it gave place to night. But the night was ſtill, calm, ſerene, and enlightened by the beams of the full moon; they remained contemplating the intereſting object, and then fell to reflections. They ſpoke of the days that were gone, and Eudocia, with her uſual frankneſs, acknowledged the juſtice of thoſe diſſuaſive arguments her mother had uſed, againſt quitting the happy valley. She ſubſcribed to the truth of her aſſertion, that the higheſt gratifications of the world were ever blended with ſome bitter ingre-

ingredient which poiſoned the reſt, and that they rarely, if ever, compenſated for the trouble of the purſuit.

A footſtep turned their eyes to the walk before them, and they diſcerned Edmund De Bar, the friend, confident, and lieutenant of Bayard. The Marchioneſs's ſoul took the alarm on examining his countenance— 'twas ſtamped by melancholy—as he addreſſed them his accents became tremulous, and he could utter no more.—

Eudocia ſunk trembling on her ſeat—

" Speak, oh De Bar!—ſpeak and re-
" lieve my fears—Tell me they are but
" the effects of coward fancy—and that
" Bayard is ſafe!"

" Falſe be my foreboding," ſaid the Marchioneſs, " but I dread to aſk thee,
" Edmund, for thy general.—Ah!" continued ſhe, burſting into tears, " am I
" not already anſwered, and does not thy
" ſilence ſpeak our fears prophetic?"

Edmund took ſomething from his boſom—it glittered in the rays of the moon

—'twas the croſs Eudocia had given the Chevalier—it caught her eye—flinging herſelf into the arms of her mother, ſhe exclaimed:

"Oh, Madam! Pierre, our gallant "Pierre has ſurely fallen—that croſs too "plainly ſpeaks it—It was my giſt—the "pledge of friendſhip—and as he took "it from my hand, he ſaid—ſtill do I "hear his voice—as he preſſed it to his "lip—'*But with my life will I reſign "thee!*"

"And he kept his word," ſaid Edmund.—"Oh! immortal ſpirit of the "god-like Bayard—look down and re-"ceive this grateful offering to his memo-"ry — the tears, the precious tears of his "Eudocia — whoſe ſmile gave vigour to "his arm—whoſe idea cheered the pang "of death."

A ſolemn ſilence now enſued, interrupted only by the ſobs of Eudocia, and now and then a tender exclamation or apoſtrophe to the fallen hero. The night was

was far ſpent ere they parted; and next morning again they ſought Edmund—with renewed ſorrow queſtioned him of Bayard—every circumſtance of his death was dwelt on with melancholy minuteneſs, and they ſeemed to find conſolation in weeping over the ſad detail.

Edmund indeed had many things to tell them. Retired from the world in the ſhades of Roſſignol, they were ignorant of what paſſed in it. They now firſt learned the death of Claude, Francis's Queen, and the marriage of the Princeſs Rene with the Duke of Ferrara. The two only ties which even for a moment drew Eudocia's mind to the court, thus broken—together with the grief ſhe felt for the untimely fate of her Chevalier, and the diſguſt to the reſt of men, with which the conduct of the faithleſs Theodore had inſpired her, made her regard the demeſne of Roſſignol as bounding the ſcene of her future life.

The Marchioneſs and Eudocia heard

with horror the cruel condemnation and unjuſt execution of the Financier, the venerable Semblanſai, bending under the weight of ſeventy years; and execrated the ſavage Louiſe, for cutting through the ſmall remaining ſpan of a life ſpent in the faithful diſcharge of the duties of his ſtation, to ſhield herſelf from detection, in having appropriated to her own voluptuouſneſs thoſe ſubſidies raiſed by heavy taxes on the ſuffering poor. But her crime anſwered not the end for which it was committed; and the ſhade of the ſacrificed Semblanſai was appeaſed, by her becoming the object of general deteſtation, from the black tranſaction.

The general diſcontent againſt her was heightened by the extremities to which her unrelenting perſecution drove the Conſtable Bourbon. He had become a widower, and the haughty Regent deigned to make her ſon a ſuppliant to him, to accept her hand: the Conſtable declined it; and Louiſe's enmity returned with added

added violence. She made a falſe claim on his eſtates, began a law-ſuit for them, and the bribed judges decided againſt Bourbon.

This flagrant injuſtice drove Bourbon, the ornament of the nobility, and delight of the ſoldiery, to the laſt extremities. He revenged himſelf on her malice, and the blameable acquieſcence of Francis in it, by abandoning the intereſts of his country, and going over to the Emperor, who received him with the honours due to his birth, and a ſatisfaction proportioned to the value of the acquiſition. He created him his Lieutenant-General in Italy; offered him the hand of his ſiſter, the Queen-Dowager of Portugal; and both Charles and the King of England, who was alſo now at war with France, treated with him as an equal and a ſovereign Prince. This rebellion, ſo alarming to France, obliged its King to deſiſt from his intended march into Italy for the recovery of the Milaneſe. Fearing ſome ſecret conſpiracy, he ſtaid in his

capital, and entruſted his army to Bonivet, who was baffled in every undertaking, though Bayard commanded under him; and he retired worſted into winter-quarters in Piedmont. The diſcontent of the troops at Bonivet's miſconduct, to which they attributed the unfortunate iſſue of the campaign, together with the defection of a conſiderable body of Swiſs, in the pay of France, obliged him to think of ſecuring a retreat into it, as the only ſtep now left to his choice. He ſet his army in motion for that purpoſe, which was obſerved by the allies; who ſuddenly falling on his rear, obliged him to fight his way. The retreat was at laſt effected, chiefly by the valour of the glorious Bayard, and fatally marked by his fall.

When from his wounds, the Chevalier found himſelf unable any longer to ſit his horſe, or lift his ſword, he called Edmund De Bar to him, who, with ſome ſoldiers bemoaning his ſituation, bore him in their arms to the foot of a tree, placing him,

as

as he desired, with his face to the enemy. The alarm spread that the Chevalier Bayard was mortally wounded; and the French troops madded by the loss of their beloved commander, fought desperately, actuated by the wish of revenging his fall. Colonna and Lanoy, Generals of the allied forces, came about him; as did Bourbon, who personally knew and esteemed him.

"Alas! Bayard," he said, "I grieve to "behold thee thus!"

"I am not," replied the Chevalier, "oh "Bourbon! I am not the object of com- "passion. Thou shouldst rather envy me, "who die in defence of my King and "country; and I afford thee my pity, who "art now in arms against both."

Left to himself—"Come near me, De "Bar," he said, taking the cross from his bosom: "bear this to my love, and with it "my dying prayer for her.—Oh! soften, "gentle Edmund, the unwelcome tidings; "nor shock my angel Comerci, by a too

" haſty diſcloſure. Tell the Marchioneſs
" —I thought to call her mother—but
" yielding to my fate, adore her goodneſs,
" for having bleſs'd it by the glorious hope.
" Say to my Eudocia, I die devoted to
" her—and happier in *death*, by the re-
" flection *that* only could have divided her
" from my wiſhes—than I could have
" lived unſupported by that convic-
" tion."

* * * * *

De Bar's melancholy office of friendſhip performed, and his leave of abſence expired, he bid adieu to the diſconſolate Marchioneſs and her daughter, both in ſable weeds, reſembling the drooping Genius of their country, mourning over its ills. They loaded the kind Edmund with acknowledgments, and each preſented a valuable token of their friendſhip. He ſoon joined the army under Francis, who, exaſperated and deſperate, ſtill aimed at the recovery of

of the Milaneſe, that fatal object of his own, and the ambition of his anceſtors. His mind remained undiſturbed by his diſappointments; he ſeemed to riſe from every one, more daring and undaunted. Inſpired by the deſire of retrieving his loſſes, and diſdaining to yield to misfortune; with an army and generals he thought invincible, he paſſed the Alps of Mount Cenis, leaving Madame as uſual, Regent.

This expedition, ſo unfortunate in its iſſue, bid fair on its commencement, of being crowned by ſucceſs. The Imperial army, weakened by diſſentions and fatigues, diminiſhed by deſertions, dared not encounter that of Francis; and Milan, though attached to its Duke, was incapable, from the waſte of late wars, and the raging of a plague, to reſiſt him. Its gates opened at the firſt ſummons. The Duke, and ſuch Imperialiſts as were in his ſervice, fled in diſorder to Lodi; and Francis committed his firſt error in not purſuing them thither, and thereby com-

completing his victory. Inſtead of that, he ſat down before Pavia, a ſtrong, well-garriſoned town, which he beſieged. It was defended by that famous General, Antonio de Leyva, who defeated every effort, and eluded every ſtratagem of Francis. Had he even then raiſed the ſiege, and retired to Milan, the Imperial troops, impatient of excuſes for the payment of their arrears, would have mutinied and diſperſed themſelves. But his pride forbad a meaſure which would have been acknowledging his inferiority; and having determined, nay ſaid, "he would "take Pavia, or die in the attempt," all endeavours to alter his reſolution were fruitleſs. Finally, he was attacked by the Imperialiſts in his camp, and, ſpite of ſuch efforts of heroic courage, as come up to the fabled feats of chivalry—ſpite of the obſtinate reſiſtance, and firm ſupport of his army, he was totally defeated. Never was a day ſo long diſputed, or a victory ſo dearly ſold; and France bewailed

wailed at once the captivity of its King, the blood of her chief nobles, and the lives of half her ſons.

The dire event was conveyed by a billet from Francis, to his Mother, containing theſe few, but expreſſive words:

"MADAM,

"ALL is loſt——our honour excepted."

The Emperor received from his Generals the news of their victory, and the captivity of his rival, with diſſimulated moderation, and affected ſentiments of generous ſympathy for the royal priſoner, foreign to his ſoul. But they impoſed on the noble minded Francis, who judged of the Emperor's feelings by thoſe his own heart would have glowed with, had their ſituations been reverſed. Till convinced by ſure experience of his hypocriſy and unprincely arts, he held himſelf his debtor, and indulged the livelieſt gratitude for a compliment, the ſoul of Francis felt the full deli-

delicacy of, when Charles forbad in his dominions any public rejoicings for the captivity of a brother Sovereign.

But ſoon the Emperor threw off the maſk, and diſguiſed not his intentions of availing himſelf of every advantage the chance of war had given him; and his inſatiable thirſt of power was fully diſplayed when the rigorous terms were propoſed for the enlargement of Francis — who indignantly rejected ſuch propoſals as would have diſmembered his kingdom, and rendered it nearly dependent on Charles—He reprobated ſo inglorious a freedom, and came to the noble reſolution of dying a priſoner, and reſigning his crown to the young Dauphin, his ſon, rather than purchaſe his liberty by ſuch abject conceſſions.

Mean while Charles kept aloof, and avoided an interview with the captive King, who anxiouſly ſought one, hoping to win upon his generoſity. But Charles had no ſuch principle to work upon—Self-intereſt only could bribe, intereſt only could charm—intereſts were the only pleadings

ings he would attend to—and to intereſt he ſacrificed every gentlemanly ſentiment.

Francis's great ſpirit, long ſtruggling with ill fortune, now yielded to a malady his dejection gave ſtrength to. The wary Charles reflected that his death would overturn all thoſe hopes built on his captivity, and the dread of this, more favoured the languiſhing Monarch, than the interference of the King of England, (who now dreading the too great power of Charles, aided the meaſures of the Regent for the enlargement of her ſon,) or the vainly-diſplayed beauty and attractions of the Ducheſs D'Alençon, now a widow, who followed her brother on the news of his defeat, and attended him thro' his illneſs.

Vain were her various ſtratagems and female wiles to free him, or captivate Charles, who, though he admired her, yet was deaf to the allurements of beauty, as to the calls of honour, where his intereſt whiſpered him to be ſo: and the fair Ducheſs, after practiſing firſt every art to

charm

charm him, entered into a plot for outwitting him.

But this was not poſſible, even for a meet daughter of Louiſe of Savoy to effect—he was apprized of her intrigues, and iſſued orders to arreſt her.

The young ſcheming Ducheſs narrowly eſcaped by flight, and mentally arraigning the inſenſibility of his Imperial Majeſty, ſhe arrived on the borders of France.

At laſt the treaty of Madrid was ſigned, which reſtored Francis to liberty: the terms extorted were moſt unconſcionable; but few of them were fulfilled, except the marriage of Francis with the Queen Dowager of Portugal, who had been promiſed to Bourbon, and the delivering of the Dauphin, and his brother the Duke of Orleans, as hoſtages for the performance of articles.

He departed, exulting in recovered freedom, eſcorted by Lanoy and Alarcon, two Imperial generals, to the frontiers, where

where he was met by his children, attended by Lautrec, and other French officers of diſtinction. He tenderly embraced, and conſigning them to Lanoy, exchanged his liberty for theirs.—Hard condition!

As ſoon as he ſtepped on his own dominions, he joyfully exclaimed "He "was again a King!" and galloped off to Lyons, where he was met by his mother and his whole Court. The rejoicings which prevailed for the reſtored preſence of their idolized Sovereign, more reſembled the welcomes of a conqueror, than the reception of a defeated King. Endeared to his people by his noble ſufferance in captivity, they remembered his triumph at Marignan.

* * * * *

The lonely inhabitants of Roſſignol had ſincerely joined in the general lamentations for the defeat of Pavia, and Eudocia's

docia's ſighs were increaſed by the captivity of Francis. She and the Marchioneſs with real joy heard he was reſtored to his people, and ſet out for Lyons, to offer their congratulations on the happy event.

When Eudocia advanced to pay her Court, Francis ſtepped forward with eager friendlineſs to receive her. Both were affected by a tender recollection of the loſſes each had ſuſtained—a deep ſigh eſcaped the Royal boſom, a tear glided down the fair Comerci's cheek. At laſt,

"I have your forgiveneſs to demand, "amiable Comerci,"—ſaid Francis—"I "have, though innocently, been the "means of diſturbing your happineſs, and "that of one dear to you—Orlando de "Retel"——

"Oh name him not, my liege"—interrupted Eudocia.

"Your pardon, fair Eudocia—I muſt, "and you ſhall hear me too—The gal-

"lant

" lant youth was made a priſoner with me,
" on the fatal day of Pavia. I choſe him
" to be about me, when I heard his fate;
" but when he obeyed, I greatly won-
" dered at his altered mien—gloomy de-
" ſpair ſat on his brow, and a cynical
" auſterity, unſeemly at his age, evinced
" his mind diſturbed. I attributed the
" change to our defeat, and endeavoured
" to animate him, by reminding him he
" only ſhared the fortunes of his Sove-
" reign: his anſwer but more perplexed
" me.

" I mean not to reproach your Majeſ-
" ty," he ſaid; " but if I ſupport not
" this reverſe of fortune with proper for-
" titude and ſtrength of mind, it is, be-
" cauſe its powers are weakened by unex-
" pected ingratitude, from a miſtreſs,
" whom I idolized, and finding the de-
" ſtroyer of my happineſs, and invader of
" my rights, in the perſon of him, whom
" Heaven appointed the guardian of his
" people."

" What

"What meaneſt thou, Orlando?" — I "aſked.

"'Tis a cruel queſtion of your Majeſ-"ty.—What do I mean? — Eudocia, "oh Eudocia! thou haſt deſtroyed my "peace," cried he, in a tone of anguiſh. "An explanation here enſued, and I no "longer cenſured his rejection of even "Comerci's hand."

The King now informed her of the cauſe of Orlando's myſterious conduct to her, and Eudocia with delight found, though he had obtained a *worthier name*, he ſtill retained the truth and tenderneſs of her *Shepherd Theodore*.——She agreed to meet him next day in the King's cloſet, and then receive and renew thoſe vows exchanged in early youth.

Eudocia, when ſhe quitted the preſence, haſtened to the Marchioneſs's apartment, and, kneeling before her, beſought her pardon for the only violation of filial duty ſhe had ever been guilty of, revealing at the ſame time the ſecret of her heart. The Mar-

Marchioneſs, without a reproach, granted the ſupplicated forgiveneſs, and gave her ſanction to the attachment of Eudocia and her Theodore.

At the appointed hour, Eudocia, now in the full bloom of her expanded charms, was met at his cloſet door by the King.—The magnificence of her dreſs heightened every beauty—the ſmile of contentment played round her mouth, and her eyes ſparkled with increaſed luſtre, from hope and expectation.—A well-known voice murmured in her ear, as ſhe ſeated herſelf; her heart roſe reſponſive to it—It was Theodore's—ſhe beheld him at her feet, in an attitude elegant and perſuaſive.

Theodore was ſo improved, that he loſt nothing either in grace or beauty, by a compariſon with Francis! Forgetful of paſt inquietudes, or, if remembering, conſidering them only as tender chaſtenings of a watchful, good ſuperior Power, both bent with gratitude, and acknowledged its indulgence by reſtoring them to each other,

—made

—made ſenſible by obſervation on a world which boaſted few like them, of each other's value—and taught the worth of domeſtic and ſocial enjoyments, by having experienced the emptineſs of all others.

* * * * *

Theodore, now arrived at the point to which all his wiſhes tended, thought of the cottagers of Suzy. Yet let it not be ſuppoſed his parents were thus long neglected: he had often had the tendereſt billets conveyed to their hands expreſſive of filial duty, his welfare, and health.

Now his own deſire ſeconded Eudocia's requeſt to him to viſit them, to prevail on them to return with him, and witneſs his happineſs; or, if adverſe to a court (where the regards of Francis had determined the union of Theodore and Eudocia ſhould be ſolemnized), to proceed on to Roſſignol, and there wait the arrival of their daugh-

daughter, in the perſon of the heireſs Comerci.

Eudocia deſired Theodore to mention her to Monſieur and Madam Branville only by the name of Comerci, and pleaſed herſelf with the notion of their receiving her with added ſatisfaction, when, ſurpriſed, they ſhould diſcover the wealthy, noble bride of their Theodore, to be that little ruſtic Eudocia they had loved in her girl-hood, and whoſe enlivening talents had agreeably amuſed many of their days.

Scarce was Theodore departed, when an event happened, ſhocking to imagination—This was the ſack of Rome. The Duke of Bourbon was in poſſeſſion of the whole Milaneſe, of which the Emperor promiſed him the inveſtiture. He maintained a large army there, and made himſelf formidable by it to every Italian power. But, deſtitute of money to pay his troops, he dreaded their impatience would at

length break out in mutiny. Their great affection for his perſon, had hitherto reigned in all diſcontents; but without any reaſonable proſpect of otherwiſe rewarding their forbearance, he led his army to the walls of Rome, and encouraged them to the attack, by the promiſe of enriching them with the plunder of that famed city—alas! no longer miſtreſs of the world.

Here Bourbon met his fate, and he was killed in the attempt of ſcaling the wall; but his ſoldiers, rendered deſperate by the fall of their leader, repeated their efforts with obſtinate perſeverance, and entered the town, when ſuch barbarities, ſuch cruelties were perpetrated as humanity ſtarts back from with horror.

Eventful is the page of thy annals, Oh Antient Rome! and ſometimes have thy foes prevailed againſt thee. Thy capitol hath been deſtroyed—thy palaces defaced—thy temples broken open—thy ſanctuaries invaded—and thou thyſelf haſt been

ſeen riſing like the Phœnix, more beautiful from thine aſhes—but never! never, didſt thou behold a day like this!

The cries of the widows—of the fatherleſs—of the agonized mother—the indignant, burning bluſh of thy inſulted nations, and the deſpair of thy violated virgins, with the mockery of every thing thou didſt hold ſacred, were ingredients in the bitter cup thy evil genius ſure prepared for thee. The ſpirits of the godlike heroes, who made the world thy vaſſals, whoſe deeds immortalized thee—their awful ſhades flitted over thy domes, and with mournful eye ſaw thy fame departed—they viewed thee —"as a beam that had ſhone"—thy glory fled away.

Now the difficulties made by the miniſtry of France to fulfil the treaty of Madrid, revived hoſtile appearances between Francis and the Emperor. Treaties of amity were opened, on the part of the French and Engliſh Kings. Wolſey croſſed the ſea to examine and ſettle them, and was

received with that ſplendour and homage he delighted in. The Cardinal himſelf had been outwitted by Charles; and now, entirely detached from his intereſt, he caught at any means of revenging the duplicity of the Emperor, who had won Wolſey to his intereſt by ſolemn promiſes of favouring his election to the Papacy, whenever a vacancy offered. But on the death of Leo X. Charles lent his influence to his tutor, Adrian; and Wolſey, mortified and duped, ſaw him made Pope. He ſtraight became the friend of Francis, and the enemy of Catherine, whoſe cauſe he had hitherto ſupported, in conſideration of her nephew; and to retaliate on him, the unfortunate Queen was abandoned by the Cardinal. He was attended into France by a princely train of nobles, among whom was the Lord Sutton, kinſman to Anna Boleyne. Eudocia made herſelf acquainted with him, and anxiouſly inquired for her friend.

Sutto,

Sutton had a gentle, unaſſuming mind, and was, beſide, in the intereſts of the Lord Piercy. He had heard Anna Boleyne ſpeak fondly of Mademoiſelle de Comerci, and he anſwered her now without diſguiſe:

"Better had it been for my fair Cou-
" ſin," he ſaid, "had nature caſt her
" features in a homely mould. I do not
" know a woman who would then have
" been more eſtimable. Her good ſenſe
" and lively wit would have rendered her
" ſufficiently engaging to have ſecured
" her one faithful heart. But from being
" miſtreſs of numbers, ſhe knew not the
" value of one ſuch. Her walk of life,"
he continued, "has been through courts
" and luxurious palaces; and the falſe
" refinements ſhe there was taught, viti-
" ated her taſte for ſimpler, finer enjoy-
" ments. It may be ſaid of Anna Bo-
" leyne, nature exerted her niceſt art to form
" a perfect creature—fortune has laboured
" to defeat her aim."

"She is ſtill beloved by the King?"—ſaid Eudocia.

"Nay more," replied Sutton; "I "grieve to tell it—but in truth, Made-"moiſelle——ſhe is already wedded to "him."——

"Wedded!"——exclaimed Eudocia, "—Anna Boleyne wedded——and to "Henry!"

"Soft," cried Sutton; "advanced once "in the fatal path ſhe ſtrangely turned "into—there was no retreating. Her "uncle Norfolk, her kinſman the Earl "of Ormond, and others, blinded by "ambition, encouraged the unthinking "Anna to purſue the road to royalty, "which opened plainly to her view.— "They urged her to ſeize the hand held "to her, nor riſk, by lingering forms, its "forfeiture from ſome new caprice.—— "Hurried on by I know not what infa-"tuation, ſhe yielded to their perſuaſions, "and a private diſpenſation being pro-"cured from his Biſhops, Henry eſpouſ-

"ed

" ed the beauteous, miſguided Boleyne,
" in preſence of her relations."

" Averted from thy head—oh Anna!
" —my friend—be all ill conſequences,
" from this unſeemly union"—cried Eudocia. " But does the Lord Cardinal
" know of it?"

" He does; and now, by too late homage, ſeeks to win the favour of the
" young conſort.—But his downfall is
" projected, and he appears for the laſt
" time in ſuch exalted ſtation. The blow
" is impending over him—his diſgrace
" already concerted. Yet Anna is ſtill
" diſſatisfied—Not to be Henry's wife,
" but England's Queen, was the object
" of her ambition. The King takes every
" ſtep to gratify her—To him indeed
" each day ſeems to bring increaſe of
" paſſion—ſhe has found the art to ma-
" nage his unſteady temper, and even
" yet keeps alive his hopes and fears, by
" her gaiety, whims, and a ſpice of co-
" quetry. A few months will, I believe,

" uſher her to the world as Henry's " Queen. Her coronation will be cele- " brated with ſuch ſplendour, as minds " like Henry's and Anna's may be ſup- " poſed to dictate—yet would I own her " of my blood with more exultation, " were I to call her the wife of Harry " Piercy."

* * * * *

Theodore now returned. — Monſieur Branville, and his gentle partner, were ſet out for Roſſignol; and Francis himſelf beſtowed the hand of Eudocia on her faithful lover, whom he created Baron de Comerci, a title he confirmed to him and his deſcendants. They remained not long at court, but, honoured with the friendſhip and eſteem of their ſovereign, retired to the Caſtle de la Roſſignol, which ſoon became the court of taſte, and reſidence of the muſes. The Marchioneſs accompanied them—declared her happi-

neſs

neſs completed in beholding that of her daughter—and that Theodore only could deſerve a hand deſtined for Bayard.——— Monſieur and Madam Branville had declared, on parting with their ſon, their felicity could receive no addition; yet ſuch an addition they acknowledged, when, riſing to receive the Baroneſs Comerci, the amiable Eudocia flew eagerly to their arms —Branville's extended wide to receive her —and his wife half-envied him the firſt careſs. Theodore's gratified heart again bleſſed the charming partner of it; and the Marchioneſs's mild, benignant, placid form, ſmiled with celeſtial ſweetneſs on the happy group.

* * * * *

Soon the following letter was preſented to the Baroneſs:

"'TIS accompliſhed—and I am a Queen —Yeſterday's ſun ſhone on my corona-

tion, and the joyful acclamations of my people added to my triumph—yet am I not the happier. Why is the white ermine twined round a crown?—Alas! it is no way typical of mine.—I will tell thee, Eudocia—As I returned in proceſſion to my palace, I was met by Piercy, and his eye, bent mournfully on me, ſtruck my heart like a reproach.—Ah me!—Perhaps—Why did I touch this diſcordant ſtring—its vibration is ſadneſs.——Commend me to thy Theodore—auſpicious be your union.——Farewell, dear Comerci—Give me thy good prayers—Farewell—

ANNA.

* * * * * *

Anna Boleyne's ſtar began now to decline: it had blazed like a meteor—and fell as ſuddenly. Various reaſons combined to effect her ruin. Firſt, the intrigues of the Princeſs Mary (the daughter

ter of Catherine), who hated her ſtep-mother. Her emiſſaries breathed doubts, ſuſpicions of his hapleſs conſort, into the credulous ear of Henry. Unfortunately the freedom of her conduct gave too much colour for them. Unhappy in her own mind, ſhe ſought to huſh her cares by the ſyren ſong of pleaſure, and ſhe was too eager in the purſuit of amuſement. Dreading beſide the imputation of arrogance in her raiſed ſtation, ſhe behaved to her former equals with an affability ſomewhat too leſſening to the dignity of a Queen of England.

The haughty King thought ſuch a carriage derogatory to her rank and ſtate, and the playfulneſs which had captivated him in Anna Boleyne, he could not brook in the partner of his throne. Her actions were miſconſtrued by her enemies. Henry's paſſion for his Queen viſibly abated from the ſecond year of his marriage, and from that time he lent a more ready attention to every tale againſt the honour

of his conſort. But he ſtill continued fond of her daughter the young Elizabeth, whoſe birth had been celebrated by unuſual ceremonies and honours, and ſhe was the ſtrongeſt tie which held Henry to Anna. But now the influence of both fell before that of a new paſſion Henry had conceived for a new beauty of his court —the lovely Jane Seymour—the ſucceſſor of the unfortunate Boleyne. Henry knew no law but his will. Quick he caught at the calumnies propagated of his conſort, and malice was buſied to aggravate her errors into crimes. Malice itſelf could produce no proof of her diſhonour; but the hapleſs Queen was devoted to deſtruction, and ſhe was accuſed (even Slander bluſhed as ſhe heard it) — the beautiful, innocent Anna Boleyne — was accuſed of a criminal commerce with two or three of her houſhold, and, finally, with her own brother, the Viſcount Rochford. The public, appalled by charges ſo ſhocking, ſo falſe, looked with horror on proceedings

ceedings ſo black as are ſcarcely to be paralleled.

A tilt which was proclaimed at Greenwich, by the King, in honour of Jane Seymour, ſerved to hurry the before determined fall of Anna. She was not ignorant of the power of Jane Seymour over that heart ſo lately at her own entire diſpoſal. She ſat penſive and buried in thought, and a tear roſe by degrees to her eye—awhile trembled there—then fell on her delicate cheek—ſhe raiſed her handkerchief to wipe away the tell-tale of her ſoul's diſquiet—it dropped from her hand.

" Ha! Madam," exclaimed Henry, riſing in affected paſſion; " this to our " face! Behold this ſignal!" taking up the handkerchief: " For what minion " was this deſigned?—In our very pre- " ſence doſt thou diſhonour us?"

" A dark cloud has long hung over me " —and now it has broken," murmured Anna to herſelf. " But what ſignals—what " minions does his Highneſs ſpeak of?"

The

The King left the liſts, and Anna did not remain after him. She diſmiſſed her ladies as ſoon as ſhe reached the palace, and retired to her cloſet. The next day ſhe was arreſted in her apartment by the King's order, and carried to the Tower. In her way thither, ſhe was told of the crimes imputed to her, and exhorted to make open confeſſion, and ſo deprecate the wrath of Henry. Recovered from the firſt ſhock, ſhe looked round her with collected dignity, and ſaid to the nobleman who attended her, and who ſtill recommended open confeſſion:

"Ceaſe, my Lord—you cannot—dare "not think it—You were, I take it, en- "joined this office—it is performed—for- "bear then to inſult me any longer.—— "Confeſs!—what ſhould I confeſs?— "That apprized of the temper of the "King, my huſband, I expected this "change in his regards; but looked not "for ſo foul a crime in the breaſt of roy- "alty, as now ſtains that of Henry's.——

"Thou,

"Thou, oh Lord! protect me; for I "have no other hope."

When arrived at the Tower, though deſpairing of moving him, ſhe addreſſed the following letter to the King:

"SIRE,

"YOUR Majeſty's diſpleaſure, and my impriſonment, are things ſo ſtrange to me, that, loſt in wonder, I cannot reconcile them; nor know I what to extenuate, unconſcious of offending you. I am exhorted to make open confeſſion, and ſo obtain your pardon—Good your Grace, is it by your order I am thus addreſſed?—And can Henry, of a ſurety, entertain a doubt of mine honour?—Unheard will he condemn me?—Ah! Is the dream of happineſs, with which your favour lulled my ſenſes—is it already over, and the name of Anna Boleyne no longer pleaſing to your ear?

"If I, at any time, forgetful of the humble ſtate from which you raiſed me, and giddy

giddy with my exaltation, reſpected not the hand which conferred the dignity, or had a care beyond that of pleaſing you, well ſhould I thus be recalled to a ſenſe of mine unworthineſs. But there is no ſuch cauſe to caſt me off. Then liſten not to the counſel of mine enemies; nor ſuffer your heart to tarniſh the luſtre of your royal name, by indulging it, in a ſickly fancy—a light caprice. I am not ignorant, Sire, of what adds force to the accuſations of my foes; and I could ſome time ſince have pointed it out—I have ſeen—I have lamented it—Yet did I not diſturb your quiet, by womaniſh complainings, and jealous reproach. But do not add to the grief of being no longer dear to you, by depriving me alſo of my good name—Let the aſperſers of it be confronted with me.

"Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial; nor ſuffer my ſworn enemies to ſit as my judges.——Let me receive an open trial, for my truth ſhall fear no

no open ſhame. If this favour is denied me, and that not only death, but infamy, are neceſſary to the completion of your deſires — and that neither my integrity, nor juſtice to the infant Princeſs your daughter, can arreſt your purpoſe—may Heaven! at whoſe awful throne mine innocence ſhall be manifeſted, pardon your great ſin; for never had a King more loyal wife, than your Majeſty in

ANNA BOLEYNE."

Pity, juſtice, or humanity, were feelings unknown to Henry, and the only part of Anna's letter he attended to, was her requeſt of being brought to an open trial —and what a trial—when thoſe of her neareſt blood, meanly awed by the tyrant, ſtood tamely by—nay, the brother of her mother ſat as her judge.

Europe ſaw with deteſtation the beautiful, hapleſs Queen, and her brother, judged and condemned by their uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, who pronounced their ſentence

ſentence of death. Some of the firſt Peers of the realm were preſent; but none could defend her from her unmerited fate, though all were convinced of its injuſtice.

The Duke of Suffolk ſat on her trial, and Piercy, now Earl of Northumberland, witneſſed it. They both ſtood fixed with horror, when ſhe was brought in guilty, and with audible ſobs liſtened to her pathetic declaration of her innocence.

She ſhrunk not from the dreadful ſentence, but holding her hands on her guiltleſs boſom, and raiſing her fine eyes to Heaven, ſhe ſaid in a tone of collected compoſure,

"Oh Father!—Oh Creator!—Thou, "who art the way, the truth, and the life "—thou knoweſt that I have not deſerved "this death."

She had rejected all aid of Counſel, ſaying, "Rectitude is the beſt ſhield "—To allow a defender, admits a ſup-"poſition for ſuch being neceſſary. The "up-

" upright Judge of all will manifeſt my " truth."

She replied herſelf, with great judgment and elegance, to the charges brought againſt her; and ſhe acquitted herſelf of them in the minds of all, but her implacable enemies.

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The royal lovely victim prepared herſelf with amazing fortitude to meet the death ſhe was ſentenced to. She ſeemed to have put off the weakneſs of her ſex, and now diſplayed a noble hardineſs of ſoul. She wrote to Henry, commending her daughter to his care; proteſted again her innocence, and concluded by thanking him for his uniform favour to her—firſt, raiſing her from a private gentlewoman to be a Marchioneſs—then a queen—and, having no higher earthly rank to beſtow, he now graciouſly ſent her to be a Saint in Heaven.

The

The evening before her execution, after ſome hours ſpent at her devotions, ſhe called for pen and ink. She wrote at different times, and her mind ſoftened into tenderneſs. Her tears almoſt defaced the lines. They were addreſſed to the Baroneſs Comerci, and conveyed by one of Anna's women to her hand, after ſhe had ſuffered. They are the ſad record of the dying ſentiments of the unhappy, ill-fated Boleyne, and are as follow :—

"BEHOLD the end of envied grandeur!—The tranſition how quick, from a throne to the block!—The hand which held ere while the regal ſceptre, is now bound with chains—the Royal Palace, exchanged for the gloomy tower of puniſhment.

"My ſoul wakes, as from a long ſleep, and beholds objects as they are—not as the illuſive dream had dreſſed them.—Oh! my friend!—gentle Eudocia!—my heart flies to thine, there to repoſe itſelf for the few

few remaining hours allotted me, and thus ſeeks to ſoothe itſelf into reſignation, to the ſwift approaching hour of fate.———"

* * * * * *

"OH! that I had liſtened to thy perſuaſions!—that I had imitated thy example!—We began the race of life nearly together, and a ſtrong ſimilarity marked the fortunes of both.—Oh when I recall the time in which thou wert beloved by Francis; when I reflect on the grace which adorned him, and call to mind thy noble rejection of his vows, — the preſerved ſimplicity and conſtancy of thy ſoul;—how do I ſhrink from the compariſon!—Both attractive—both careſſed—each alive to pleaſure—thou alone hadſt fortitude to reſiſt her calls, when honour or innocency forbade compliance, and thou art now recompenſed—A noble huſband, faith and tenderneſs, ſupports your ſoftneſs,

and

and rewards your truth—thy pillow yields ſoft repoſe to thy unruffled ſenſes, and your eyes delightedly open on the children of your hopes—whilſt your amiable parent finds in you the reward of her early care.

"So might I have lived with honour, and died in peace—Piercy! I might in thee have found a Theodore—in thy love, that happineſs, I ſacrificed to ſpecious greatneſs—Sad reverſe!—I gained an uneaſy exaltation, embittered by former remembrances—I die by the hand of the executioner—the ſting of defamation added to the pang of death.

"But, oh Comerci, believe—believe this aſſertion, ſealed by my blood. I am innocent, even in thought, of the dreadful crimes I ſtand condemned for—pure from ſuch ſtain, even as thy own ſoul.—Adultery—was not that charge a ſtab ſufficient for my fame?—Muſt Inceſt—horrid Inceſt, blacken it?—Oh Eudocia—Oh! Theodore, defend my name, reſcue it from

ſuch

ſuch ill tongues, as may with ſlander pronounce it.

* * * * *

"A TIDE of tenderneſs flows from my eyes, when I think on our long, our true friendſhip. Ah! that day — that peaceful day, which firſt gave Anna Boleyne to thy view, did it preſage ſuch a one as this?

* * * * *

"PIERCY, Piercy! Why does thy image intrude upon my ſoul—thy wrongs ſit heavy on it?—Yet thy mild eye, with unreproaching glances, often ſurveyed me, as I ſtood at the awful bar—and when my unrelenting uncle pronounced my ſentence—a groan—a groan of agony burſt from thy forgiving—thy yet ſympathizing heart. The noble Suffolk caught thee falling, and tears, yes tears of ſoft compaſſion bedewed

my

my untimely fate. Thou didſt remember only 'twas Anna Boleyne thou didſt hear condemned — and ſaw not the juſtly puniſhed Queen for violated faith. — Hark! whoſe voice is that?—Ah dreaded moment!—'tis one of my women, with my child.

* * * * *

" 'T I S over—ſhe is gone—and I ſhall never more behold her. No more, my ſweet Elizabeth, wilt thou glad the eye of thy ill-ſtarred mother; ere to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſet, it will be for ever cloſed—and my wild-throbbing heart at peace. Reſt thou, poor flutterer—calm thy agitation—but a little—a very little longer ſhalt thou ſuffer.—But who will guard my darling from the ſnare? Who will guide her from thoſe rocks which wrecked my quiet? Who will teach her to lament my fate, or cheriſh my memory?—In Henry's court can ſhe learn to think me innocent?

Clear

—Clear me, juſt Heaven! Puniſh my errors by death — but ſuffer not my name to be ſtamped by ignominy. Let not my child bluſh at the mention of her mother.

* * * * *

"I HAVE paid my devotions to Heaven—my ſoul is calmed, and I wait my doom with patience. The ſun now riſing, gilds my priſon by its glorious rays. —So fair, ſo ſplendid, did my life burſt forth—It ſets in blood.—Henry! cruel Henry, art thou yet ſatisfied?—For worlds would I not this night exchange my damp, cold bed, for the ſoft down which will receive thee — ſhould I ſink into it weighed down by crimes like thine.—— Catherine — injured Catherine — thou art revenged.

* * * * *

"GREAT God! Why was I reſerved to this?—Rochford—murdered Rochford—my Brother—oh! my Brother—I ſaw him, Eudocia—He paſſed me as I paced the gallery—He paſſed me as he was led to ſuffer—What a ſcene!—Even our ſtern keepers wept, and breaſts unuſed to pity received the ſoft emotion.—I can have nothing now to dread.—The bitterneſs of death is over—oh do not linger, thou ſad form—I long to be at reſt.

* * * * *

"MY knell is now tolling—Solemn ſound—yet grateful to my ear—Thou ſeemeſt but the ſymphony to that celeſtial Choir, Hope, divine Hope, whiſpers I ſhall join—Heaven bleſs thee, my Eudocia!—and thou too, Theodore!—Weep no more, my Comerci; ere this can meet thy eye, all will be over, and nought remain of thy ſiſter—thy friend, but the name—the fatal name of

ANNA BOLEYNE."

* * * * *

Eudocia fell ſenſeleſs into the arms of her huſband. "Sacred relick!" ſaid the Baron, taking the letter which dropped from her hand——"Sacred relick!" he repeated, looking at his two little daughters. Should ever your young hearts ſigh for a Court, this, like a powerful taliſman, ſhall check the wiſh, and tell you there is no real charm, ſave innocence,—no worthy pride, but virtue.

THE END.

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